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Pro-Slavery.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

JUDGMENT OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Abstract, by the National Intelligencer.

Negroes not Citizens—Prohibition of Slavery in the Treritories Unconstitutional.

WASHINGTON, Friday, March 6, 1857.

CHIEF Justice Taney, in delivering the opinion of the Court, said that this case, after argument at the last Term, was directed to be reargued at the present Term, owing to difference of opinion existing among members of the Court, and in order to give the subject more mature deliberation.

There were two leading questions: first, had the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Missouri jurisdiction in the case? and if it had jurisdiction, was its decision erroneous or not?

The defendant denied, by plea in abatement, the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court of the United States on the ground that the plaintiff "is a negro of African descent, his ancestors were of pure African blood, and were brought into this country and sold as slaves," and therefore the plaintiff "is not a citizen of the State of Missouri." To this plea the plaintiff demurred, and the Court sustained the demurrer. Thereupon the defendant pleaded over, and justified the trespass on the ground that the plaintiff and his family were his negro slaves; and a statement of facts, agreed to by both parties, was read in evidence.

The Chief Justice, having stated the facts in the case, proceeded (in a tone of voice almost inaudible) to say, in substance, that the question first to be decided was whether the plaintiff was entitled to sue in a Court of the United States. This was a peculiar question, and for the first time brought before the Court under such circumstances; but it had been brought here, and it was the duty of the Court to meet and to decide it. The question was simply this, can a negro, whose ancestors were imported and sold as slaves, become a member of the political community formed and brought into existence by the Constitution of the United States, and, as such, become entitled to all the rights and immunities of a citizen, one of which rights is suing in the Courts of the United States in cases therein specified? In discussing this question we must not confound the rights of a citizen which a State may confer within its own limits with the rights of a citizen within the limits of the United States. No one can be a citizen of the United States unless under the provisions of the Constitution; but it does not follow that a man, being a citizen of one State, must be recognised as such by every State in the Union. He may be a citizen in one State and not recognised as such in another. Previous to the adoption of the Constitution every State might confer the character of a citizen, and endow a man with all the rights pertaining to it. This was confined to the boundaries of a State, and gave him no rights beyond its limits. Nor have the several States surrendered this power by the adoption of the Constitution. Every State may confer the right upon an alien or on any other class or description of persons, who would, to all intents and purposes, be a citizen of the State, but not a citizen in the sense used in the Constitution of the United States. He would not thereby become a citizen of the United States, and, therefore, could not sue in any Court in the United States, nor could he enjoy the immunities of a citizen in the other States. His rights would be confined strictly to his own State. The Constitution gives Congress the power to establish "a uniform rule of naturalization"; consequently, no State, by naturalizing an alien, could confer upon him the rights and immunities of all the States under the General Government. It is very clear, therefore, that no State can, by any act, introduce a new member into the political Union created by the Constitution. The question then arises, whether the provisions of the Constitution of the United States in relation to personal rights to which a citizen of a State is entitled embraced negroes of the African race, at that time in the country, or afterwards imported, or made free from any State; and whether it is in the power of any State to make such a one a citizen of the State, and endow him with full citizenship in any other States without their consent. Does the Constitution of the United States act upon him, and clothe him with all the rights of a citizen? The Court think the affirmative cannot be maintained; and, if not, the plaintiff could not be a citizen of Missouri within the meaning of the Constitution, nor a citizen of the United States, and, consequently, not entitled to sue in its Courts.

It is true that every person, and every class and description of persons, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, regarded as citizens of the several States, became citizens of this new political body, and none other. It was formed for them and their posterity, and for nobody else; and all the rights and immunities were intended to embrace only those of State communities, or those who became members according to the principles on which the Constitution was adopted. It was a union of those who were members of the political communities, whose power, for certain specified purposes, extended over the whole Territories of the United States, and gave each citizen rights outside his State which he did not before possess, and placed all rights of persons and property on an equality.

It becomes necessary, therefore, to determine who were citizens of the several States when the Constitution was adopted. In order to do this we must recur to the Colonies when they separated from Great Britain, formed new communities, and took their place among the family of nations. They who were recognised as citizens of the States declared their independence of Great Britain, and defended it by force of arms. Another class of persons, who had been imported as slaves, or their descendants, were not recognised or intended to be included in that memorable instrument, the Declaration of Independence. It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion respecting that unfortunate class, with the civilized and enlightened portion of the world, at the time of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution; but history shows they have for more than a century been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and unfit associates for the white race, either socially or politically, and had no rights which white men were bound to respect; and the black man might be reduced to slavery, bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise. This opinion, at that time, was fixed and universal with the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom in morals, which no one thought of disputing, and every one habitually acted upon it, without doubting for a moment the correctness of the opinion. And in no nation was this opinion more fixed and generally acted upon than in England, the subjects of which Government not only seized them on the Coast of Africa, but took them, as ordinary merchandise, to where they could make a profit on them. The opinion thus entertained was universally impressed on the Colo-African race were regarded by them as property, and held and bought, and sold, as such in every one of the thirteen Colonies which united in the Declaration of Independence, and afterward formed the Constitution. The doctrine of which we have spoken was strikingly enforced by the Declaration of Independence. It begins thus: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation"; and then proceeds: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," &c. The words before quoted would seem to embrace the whole human family; and if used in a similar instrument at this day would be so understood. But it is too clear for dispute that the enslaved African race was not intended to be included, for, in that case, the distinguished men who framed the Declaration of Independence would be flagrantly against the principles which they asserted. They who framed the Declaration of Independence were men of too much honour, education and intelligence, to say what they did not believe; and they knew that in no part of the civilized world were the negro race, by common consent, admitted to the rights of freemen. They spoke and acted according to the practices, doctrines and usages of the day. That unfortunate race was supposed to be separate from the whites, and was never thought or spoken of except as property. These opinions underwent no change when the Constitution was adopted. The preamble sets forth for what purpose and for whose benefit it was formed. It was formed by the people—such as had been members of the original States—and the great object was to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." It speaks in general terms of citizens and people of the United States when providing for the powers granted, without defining what description of person should be included, or who should be regarded as citizens. But two clauses of the Constitution point to the negro race as separate, and not regarded as citizens, for whom the Constitution was adopted. One clause reserves the right to import slaves until 1808, and in the second the States pledge themselves, one to another, to preserve the rights of the master, and to deliver up slaves escaping to their respective Territories. By the first clause the right to purchase and hold this property is directly sanctioned and authorized by the persons who framed the Constitution, for twenty years; and the States pledged themselves to uphold the right of the master as long as the Government then formed should endure. And this shows conclusively that another description of persons were embraced in the other provisions of the Constitution. These two clauses were not intended to confer upon them or their posterity the blessings of liberty so carefully conferred upon the whites. None of this class ever emigrated to the United States voluntarily. They were all articles of merchandise. The number emancipated was few as compared with those who were held in slavery, and not sufficiently numerous to attract public attention as a separate class, and were regarded as a part of the slave population, rather than free.

It cannot be supposed that the States conferred citizenship upon them; for all those States at that time established police regulations for the security of themselves and families, as well as of property. In some minor cases there were different modes of trial, and it could not be supposed that those States would have formed or consented to a government which abolished this right and took from them the safeguards essential to their own protection. They have not the right to bear arms and appear at public meetings to discuss political questions or urge measures of reform which they might deem advisable. They cannot vote at elections, nor serve as jurors, nor appear as witnesses where whites are concerned. These rights are secured in every State to white men. It is impossible to believe that the men of the slaveholding States, who took so large a share in the formation of the Constitution, could be so regardless of themselves and the safety of those who trusted and confided in them.

Every law of naturalization confines citizenship to *white* persons. This is a marked separation from the blacks. Under the Confederation every State had a right to decide for itself, and the term "free inhabitant," the generality of form, certainly excluded the African race. Laws were framed for the latter especially. Under the Constitution the word "citizen" is substituted for "free inhabitant." After further elaboration on this point, the Chief Justice said, from the best consideration, we have come to the conclusion that the African race who came to this country, whether free or slave, were not intended to be included in the Constitution for the enjoyment of any personal rights or benefits; and the two provisions which point to them treat them as property, and make it the duty of the Government to protect them as such. Hence the Court is of opinion, from the facts stated in the plea in abatement, that Dred Scott is not a citizen of Missouri, and is not, therefore, entitled to sue in the United States Courts. The following facts appear on the record:

"In the year 1834, the plaintiff was a negro slave belonging to Dr. Emerson, who was a surgeon in the army of the United States. In that year (1834) said Dr. Emerson took the plaintiff from the State of Missouri to the military post at Rock Island, in the State of Illinois, and held him there as a slave until the month of April, 1836. At the time last mentioned, said Dr. Emerson removed the plaintiff from said military post at Rock Island to the military post at Fort Snelling, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi river, in the Territory known as Upper Louisiana, acquired by the United States from France, and situated north of the latitude of 36 deg. 30 min. north, and north of the State of Missouri. Said Dr. Emerson held the plaintiff in slavery at said Fort Snelling until the year 1838.

"In the year 1835, Harriet (who is named in the second count of the plaintiff's declaration) was the slave of Major Taliaferro, who belonged to the army of the United States. In that year (1835) said Major Taliaferro took said Harriet to said Fort Snelling, a military post situated as hereinbefore stated, and kept her there as a slave until the year 1836, and then sold and delivered her as a slave at Fort Snelling unto said Dr. Emerson, hereinbefore named; and said Dr. Emerson held said Harriet in slavery at said Fort Snelling until the year 1838.

"In the year 1836, the plaintiff and said Harriet, at said Fort Snelling, with the consent of said Dr. Emerson, who then claimed to be their master and owner, intermarried and took each other for husband and wife. Eliza and Lizzie, named in the third count of the plaintiff's declaration, are the fruit of that marriage. Eliza is about 14 years old, and was born on board the steamboat Gipsey, north of the north line of the State of Missouri, and upon the Mississippi river; Lizzie is about seven years old, and was born in the State of Missouri, at the military post called Jefferson Barracks.

"In the year 1838, said Dr. Emerson removed plaintiff and said Harriet, and their said daughter Eliza, from said Fort Snelling to the State of Missouri, where they have ever since resided.

"Before the commencement of this suit, said Dr. Emerson sold and conveyed the plaintiff, said Harriet, Eliza and Lizzie, to the defendant as slaves, and the defendant claimed to hold each of them as slaves.

"At the times mentioned in the plaintiff's declaration, the defendant, claiming to be owner as aforesaid, laid his hands upon said plaintiff, Harriet, Eliza and Lizzie, and imprisoned them; doing in this respect, however, no more than what he might lawfully do if they were of right his slaves at such times."

The Chief Justice proceeded to examine the statement, assuming that this part of the controversy presented two questions.

Firstly: Was he (Scott) and all his family free in Missouri; and,

Secondly: If not, were they free by reason of their removal to Rock Island, Illinois.

The act of Congress on which the plaintiff relies contains the clause that slavery and involuntary servitude, except for crime, shall be forever prohibited in that part of the Territory acquired by treaty from Louisiana, and not included within the limits of the State of Louisiana. The difficulty which meets us at the threshold is, whether Congress is not authorized to pass such a law under the powers granted to it by the Constitution? The plaintiff dwells much on the clause which gives Congress power "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory or other property of the United States!" But this provision has no bearing on the present controversy. The power there given is confined to the Territory which then belonged to the United States, and can have no influence on Territory which was acquired from foreign Governments. The Justice then referred to the cessions of land by Virginia and other States, saying the only object was to put an end to existing controversies, and to enable Congress to dispose of the lands for the common benefit. Undoubtedly the power of sovereignty and eminent domain was ceded in the act. This was proper to make it essential. There was then no Government in existence with enumerated powers. What were called the States were thirteen independent Colonies, which entered into confederation for mutual protection. It was little more than a Congress of Embassadors, in which all had a common concern. It was this Congress which accepted the cession from Virginia. They had no right to do so under the articles of the Confederation, but they had a right, as independent powers, to accept the land for the common benefit; but it is clear, having no superior to control them, they had a right to exercise absolute dominion, subject only to the restrictions which Virginia imposed. The ordinance of 1787 was adopted, by which the Territory should be governed, and among other provisions was one that slavery or involuntary servitude should be prohibited, except for crime.

This was the state of things when the Constitution was formed. The territory ceded by Virginia belonged to the several confederate States as common property. The States were about to dissolve the Confederation, and surrender a portion of their power for the formation of a new government, and the language used limited and specified the objects to be accomplished. It was obvious that some provision was now necessary to give the new government the power to carry into effect every object for which the territory was ceded. It was necessary that the lands should be sold to pay the war debt, and that power should be given to protect the citizens who might emigrate, with their rights of property, arms, military stores (as well as ships of war), which were the "common property of the States existing in their independent character, and they had a right to take their property to the territory, without the authority of the States." The object was to place these things under the guardianship of a new Government, which gives Congress the power "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States." It applied only to property held in common at the time, and not with reference to any property which the sovereignty might subsequently acquire. It applied to the territory then in existence and known as the territory of the United States—then in the minds of the framers of the Constitution. It refers to the sale or raising of money. This is different from the power to legislate over the territories. With the words "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory" are coupled the words "*and other property* of the United States." And the concluding words render this construction irresistible: "And nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States *or of any particular State.*"

It is obvious that the Congress, under the new Government, regarded the above clause as necessary to carry into effect the principles and provisions of the Ordinance of 1787, which they regarded as an act of the States in the exercise of their political power at the time; and these representatives of the same States under the new Government did not think proper to depart from any essential principle, and did not attempt to undo anything that was done.

As to territory acquired without the limits of the United States, it remains territory until admitted into the Union. No power is given in the Constitution to acquire territory to be held and governed in that character; and, consequently, there cannot be found in the Constitution any definition of power which Congress may lawfully exercise before it becomes a State. The power to acquire territory until it is in a condition to become a State on an equal footing with the other States must necessarily rest on sound discretion, and it becomes the duty of the Government to administer the laws of the United States for the protection of personal rights and property therein.

Whatever territory is acquired is for the common benefit of the people of the United States, which is but a trustee. At the time that territory was obtained from France, it contained no population to be admitted as a State, and it therefore became necessary to hold possession of it until settled and inhabited by a civilized community, capable of self-government and for admission into the Union. But, as we before said, it was acquired by the Federal Government as the representative and trustee of the people of the United States, and must be held for their common and equal benefit; for it was the acquisition of the people of the United States, acting through their agents, and Government held it for the common benefit until it should become associated as a member of the Union. Until that time arrived it was undoubtedly necessary that some government be established to protect the inhabitants in their persons and property. The power to acquire carries with it the power to preserve. The form of government necessarily rests on the discretion of Congress. It is their duty to establish the best suited for the United States, and that must depend on the number of its inhabitants, and the character and situation of the territory. What government is the best must depend on the condition of the territory at the time, to be continued until it shall become a State. But there can never be a mere discretionary power over persons and property. These are plainly defined by the Constitution. The Constitution provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abriding the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances," &c. Thus the rights of property are united with the personal rights, and this extends to the Territories as well as to the States. Congress cannot authorize the territories to do what it cannot do itself; it cannot confer on the territories power to violate the provisions of the Constitution.

It seems, however, that there is supposed to be a difference between slaves and other property. The people, in the formation of the Constitution, delegated to the General Government certain enumerated powers, and forbade the exercise of others. It has no powers over persons and property of citizens except those enumerated in the Constitution. If the Constitution recognises the right of master and slave, and makes no difference between slaves and other property, no tribunal acting under the authority of the United States can draw such a distinction and deny the provisions and guarantees secured against the encroachment of the Government. As we have already said, the right of property in a slave is expressly conferred in the Constitution, and guaranteed to every State. This is in language too plain to be misunderstood; and no words can be found in the Constitution giving Congress greater power over slaves than over any other description of property.

It is, therefore, the opinion of this Court that the Act of Congress which prohibits citizens from holding property of this character north of a certain line is not warranted by the Constitution, and is therefore void; and neither Dred Scott nor any one of his family were made free by their residence in Illinois. The plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, but was still a slave, and therefore had no right to sue in a Court of the United States.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. In entering upon this great office, I must humbly invoke the God of our fathers for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in such a manner as to restore harmony and the ancient friendship among the people of the several States, and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the heart of the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate these, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation. Having determined not to become a candidate for reelection, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government except the desire ably and faithfully to serve my country and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen.

We have recently passed through a Presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance; but when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided, and all was calm. The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed. Our own country could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government. What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule, that the will of the majority shall govern to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in the Territories! Congress is neither to legislate slavery into any Territory or State nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. A difference of opinion has arisen in regard to the time when the people of a Territory shall decide this question for themselves. This is happily a matter of but little practical importance, and, beside, it is a judicial question, which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be, though it has been my individual opinion that, under the Nebraska-Kansas act, the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territories shall justify the formation of a Constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But, be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved. This being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a Territory free from all foreign interference to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. The whole territorial question being thus settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty—a principle as ancient as free government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided, and no other question remains for adjustment, because all agree that, under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power, except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists. May we not then hope that the long agitation on this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth, so much dreaded by the Father of his Country, will speedily become extinct. Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known any intermission for more than twenty years, while it has been productive of no positive good to any human being, it has been the prolific source of great evils to the master, to the slave and to the whole country; it has alienated and estranged the people of the sister States from each other, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union. Nor has the danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. The political subjects which but a few years ago exasperated the public mind have passed away and are now nearly forgotten; but this question of domestic slavery is of far greater importance than any mere political question, because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists. In that event, no form of government, however productive of material benefits, can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union-loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which, since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object. It is an evil of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union.

Reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution, and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the mighty question, all such calculations are at fault. The bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point.

We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expansive country, such as the world never witnessed. This trade is conducted on railroads and canals, on noble rivers and arms of the sea, which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West of our Confederacy. Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part, and involve all in one common ruin.

But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the Confederacy, to the North not more than to the South, to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel an humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental, by its example, in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world.

* * * * * *

It may be right that, on this occasion, I should make some brief remarks as to our rights and duties as a member of the great Family of Nations. In our intercourse with them, there are some plain principles, approved by our own experience, from which we should never depart. We ought to cultivate peace, commerce and friendship with all nations, and this not merely as the best means of promoting our own national interest, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence toward fellow-men, wherever their lot may be cast. Our diplomacy should be direct and frank, neither seeking to obtain more nor accepting less than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation. To avoid entangling alliances has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington, and its wisdom no one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice, in a kindly spirit, to all nations, and require justice from them in return. It is our glory that while other nations have extended their dominions by the sword, we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the voluntary determination of a brave, kindred and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acquisitions from Mexico form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister Republic, we purchased these possessions, under the treaty of peace, for a sum which was considered at the time a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we shall in the future acquire territory unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honour. Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or to complain if, in the progress of events, we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto, in all our acquisitions, the people under the protection of the American flag have enjoyed civil and religious liberty, as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress. I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, while humbly invoking the blessing of Divine Providence on this great people.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Selections.

HUMANE AND INHUMAN LEGISLATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

From The Bucks County Intelligencer.

SOME laws are to be found on our Statute Books which we shall ever contemplate with mingled emotions of pride and admiration. Such are those enactments designed to protect the poor and friendless, whose position in life has, in a particular manner, exposed them to the grinding evils of poverty, oppression and wrong. The negro race of this country are prominent among this class; and it is to the glory of this State, that she has been among the first of the Confederacy to extend the shield of protection over this unfortunate portion of her children.

The Emancipation Act of 1780 is a memorable specimen of *humane* legislation; and the preamble setting forth the motives for its passage is couched in a strain of eloquent pathos that has rarely found a place in legal authorities: "When we contemplate our abhorrence of that condition to which the arms and tyranny of Great Britain were exerted to reduce us, when we look back on the variety of dangers to which we have been exposed, and how miraculously our wants in many instances have been supplied, and our deliverance wrought, when even hope and human fortitude have become unequal to the conflict, we are unavoidably led to a serious and grateful sense of the manifold blessings which we have undeservedly received from the hand of that Being from whom every good and perfect gift cometh. Impressed with these ideas, we conceive it to be our duty, and we rejoice that it is in our power, to extend a portion of that freedom to others, which has been extended to us, and release from that state of thraldom to which we, ourselves, were tyrannically doomed, and from which we have now every prospect of being delivered. It is not for us to inquire why, in the creation of mankind, the inhabitants of the several parts of the earth were distinguished by a difference in feature or complexion—it is sufficient to know that all are the work of an Almighty hand. We find, in the distribution of the human species, that the most fertile as well as the most barren parts of the earth are inhabited by men of complexions different from ours, and from each other; from whence we may reasonably as well as religiously infer that He who placed them in their various situations hath extended equally His care and protection to all, and it becometh not us to counteract His mercies. We esteem it a peculiar blessing granted to us that we are enabled this day to add one more step to universal civilization, by removing as much as possible the sorrows of those who have lived in undeserved bondage, and from which, by the assumed authority of the kings of Great Britain, no effectual, legal relief could be obtained. Weaned, by a long course of experience, from those narrow prejudices and partialities we had imbibed, we find our hearts enlarged with kindness and benevolence towards men of all conditions and nations; and we conceive ourselves at this particular period extraordinarily called upon, by the blessings which we have received, to manifest the sincerity of our profession, and to give a substantial proof of our gratitude."

An attempt is now about to be made to introduce into this State a very different species of legislation from that contemplated in the above preamble. It is now proposed by legal authority to exclude from our State that very class of wretched outcasts whom the Legislators of our State, *more than three-quarters of a century since, commiserated as unfortunate, persecuted friends and brethren!* It seems that the petitioners for this inhuman enactment are from the Counties of Philadelphia and Bucks, and that Senator Ely, of Bucks County, has been selected as the appropriate instrument to advocate their wishes. I will not object to the propriety of the *agency*—but, as a citizen of Bucks, I could wish the disgrace of originating such a scheme of persecution might be traced to its true source—the *Slavocracy*—who are ever casting about for the aid of Northern doughfaces to perform their selfish and heartless deeds! And what is the pretext for legislative action in the premises? The petitioners complain, "that they are subject to trouble and expense, in consequence of an influx of fugitives and manumitted blacks," &c. Truly, this must be a serious calamity to the petitioners? "Trouble and expense," forsooth! Have their feelings ever suggested to them the *trouble* of the flying bondmen pursued by their tormentors? or compared the trifling pittance of expense which they themselves have endured with the trials and perils suffered by the fugitive as, in his desperate struggle for liberty, he leaves his friends, frequently at a most inclement season, and wends his way towards the goal of his hopes, houseless and friendless, and in constant fear of detection?

But the feelings of the said petitioners are *very acute!* and here is an additional aggravation: The fugitives are "pursued into this State, and their reclamation is attended by mobs and excitement, &c."! And because this terrible wrong is inflicted upon them, they must be cut off from their last refuge, and be denied even the solace of a temporary home and the means to support a life by asking "leave to toil"! If there should be in every part of this Union a guarantee for the enjoyment of "life, liberty and the unobstructed pursuit of happiness," it would not be long before the "mobs and excitement" incident to their "reclamation" would teach the pursuers a lesson dictated no less by feelings of humanity than by the principles of Eternal Justice! Such a public sentiment would create an arm of protection that would shield the fugitive, and not only make his reclamation impossible, but place his pursuers on the same footing of *respectability* with the thief that seeks the cover of the night to commit his depredations!

But the question naturally occurs: by whom is the redress of these grievances asked? Does it come from a band of avowed *aristocrats*, who disclaim all sympathy for the poor suffering millions who are doomed to incessant toil? Were such the fact, I could more readily excuse the deed—but it owes its paternity to a class who are loud in their professions of their equal distribution of the principles of liberty and equality to all. The Democracy of our County claim the honour of this movement! And the Legislator who is put forward in the work will be entitled to a large share of the reputation of the body of which he is a member should such an iniquitous law as the one asked for ever be found on our Statute Books.

But I will not even anticipate the possibility of such a result. I believe in a better state of public sentiment among Pennsylvania Legislators than would tolerate such an inhuman law. I further believe that the principles of a spurious Democracy are fast yielding to those of a more enlightened and liberal cast. Democracy (as it should be) lies at the foundation of the great principles of human rights—moral, religious and political—and its great and noble aim is to establish the platform of human brotherhood throughout the earth.

Through all disguise, power, place and name,
Even in the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty's disgusting home,
Thou lookest at the MAN WITHIN.
Beneath thy broad, impartial eye
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

HUMANITAS.

New Hope, Second mo, 14th, 1857.

A PRECIOUS DOCUMENT—THE BUCKS COUNTY DEMOCRACY IN THE FIELD!—We published last week in our Legislative news a report of the discussion in the Senate on the reception of a petition purporting to come from citizens of Bucks and Philadelphia Counties, praying for a law to prevent negroes from other States acquiring a residence in Pennsylvania. In the course of the debate the unterrified Democracy were effectually cornered, and a number of them took the opportunity to disavow any sympathy whatever with the views of the petitioners, whose cause could not find a single apologist. We are now enabled to present the petition itself—a specimen of composition eminently worthy its origin—with some of the names that were appended to it.

To the Honourable the Senate and House of Representatives:

We, the undersigned, "*Males and Females*," of Bucks and Philadelphia Counties, respectfully represent: That they are subjected to trouble, inconvenience and expense, on account of runaway *niggers* from other States. We further represent and claim to be *white folks*, and wish to remain so—*Black Republicanism* to the contrary notwithstanding: therefore, we ask your honourable body to take the matter into consideration, and pass a general law prohibiting negroes from coming into or acquiring a residence in the State. There is, beyond doubt, a necessity for some such law, as too many worthless blacks already are in our midst and rapidly on the increase. We are neither Abolitionists nor amalgamationists, and conceive, as citizens, to be entitled to protection, at your hands, from negro violence, impudence and insults, hence the necessity for said law.

W. Jasper Alburger, David Garner, Patrick Kessler, George Miller, Charles W. Stark, Henry A. Stark, Samuel Stark, Christian Stark, Edward P. Knight, T. Jefferson Myers, A. Willet Myers, Francis Mahan, Elizabeth P. Knight, Eliza M. Alburger, Sallie W. Barnes, Emma V. Alburger, Jane Levins, Sarah Ellen Levins, E. Virginia Alburger, Mary Connelly, Ann Connelly, Franklin Seckel, and 98 others.

In contrast with the above, we append a remonstrance, from the Society of Progressive Friends, presented at the same time by Senator Lewis, which was ordered to be printed.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The memorial of Kennett Quarterly Meeting of the religious society of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Chester Co., respectfully represents:

That we have learned with surprise and regret that a petition has been presented to your body, signed by one hundred and eight citizens of Philadelphia and Bucks Counties, praying for the passage of a law prohibiting negroes and mulattoes from coming into the State with a view of acquiring a residence.

It is with feelings of no ordinary character that we attempt to address our remonstrance against any movement on the part of our beloved Commonwealth, to throw any additional obstacle in the way of this already cruelly wronged and outraged class of our fellow-men. Surely it is enough that nearly four millions of these people, in the country of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Penn, are already SLAVES, driven to unpaid toil, and subjected to all the horrors of our American slave system; and the Federal Constitution is believed to require the prompt return of the fugitive, whenever he may chance to escape from his master; that many of our citizens acknowledge no higher law than constitutional obligations and legal enactments, and hence are ever ready to join with alacrity in the humiliating slave hunt, which often results in consigning its victims to chains and slavery, more to be dreaded than death itself, by as much as liberty is dearer than life. Must the character of our State, the spirit of our free institutions, the claims of humanity, and the principles of the Christian religion, be totally disregarded and set at naught by granting the prayer of these petitioners? We trust not. We will not believe it. We cannot believe that any attempt to procure the passage of a law having the slightest bearing in that direction can receive for one moment your serious consideration.

Thus hoping, and thus confidently trusting, we subscribe ourselves yours, for the cause of humanity and liberty.

On behalf of the meeting,

Mary Pennock, Joseph A. Dugdale, Hannah Cox, William Barnard, Philena Heald, John G. Jackson, Sallie Pusey, Thos. Hambleton, Hannah Heuk, E. P. Wickersham, Lizzie McFarlan, Lewis Marshall, Lea Pusey, Thomas Borton.

PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW OF WISCONSIN.

AN ACT, relating to the Writ of Habeas Corpus to Persons claimed as Fugitive Slaves, the Right of Trial by Jury, and to Prevent Kidnapping in this State.

The People of the State of Wisconsin, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The same power is hereby given to, and the same duties imposed upon, the Judges of the County Courts of the several Counties in this State which are given to and imposed upon the Judges of the Circuit and Supreme Courts by the Constitution and Laws of this State, for the purposes hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the District-Attorneys, within their respective Counties, whenever any inhabitant of this State is arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave, on being informed thereof, diligently and faithfully to use all lawful means to protect, defend, and procure to be discharged, every such person so arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave.

SEC. 3. The application of any District-Attorney, in writing, or any one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, or any Judge of the County or Circuit Courts, signed by said District-Attorney in his official capacity, stating, in substance, the name of the person, and the name of the person detaining him or her, if known, and that the person arrested, claimed and imprisoned as a fugitive slave, shall be sufficient authority to authorize the issuing of the writ of habeas corpus, as provided in chapter one hundred and twenty-four of the Revised Statutes of Wisconsin, and said writ may be signed by any one of the said Judges, or by the Clerk of the Supreme or Circuit Court; and said writ shall be made returnable before either the Circuit or County Court, when in session, in the County where such application is made, and in vacation said writ may be made returnable forthwith before either of the Judges aforesaid.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of all Judicial and Executive officers in this State, in their respective Counties, who shall know, or have good reason to believe, that any inhabitant of this State is about to be arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave, forthwith to give notice thereof to the District-Attorney of the County in which such person resides.

SEC. 5. Whenever the writ of habeas corpus is granted in vacation, as provided in this act, or as provided by existing laws, if, upon the hearing of the same before any one of the Judges aforesaid, the person imprisoned, arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave shall not be discharged, such person shall be entitled to an appeal to the next stated term of the Circuit Court in the County where such hearing was had, on furnishing such bail, and within such time as the Judge granting the writ, on hearing the case, shall adjudge to be reasonable and proper.

SEC. 6. The Court to which such appeal is taken, and any other Court to which a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of any such person claimed or arrested as a fugitive slave is made returnable, may and shall, on the application of either party to such proceedings, allow and direct a trial by jury on all questions of fact in issue between the parties in the matter aforesaid; and the taxable cost of such trial shall be chargeable to the State, whenever the same would be otherwise chargeable to the person arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave.

SEC. 7. Every person who shall falsely and maliciously declare, represent or pretend that any free person within this State is a slave, or owes service or labour to any person or persons, with intent to procure, or to aid, or assist in procuring the forcible removal of such free person from this State as a slave, shall pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the State prison not more than five nor less than one year: *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall be construed as applying to any claim of service from an apprentice for a fixed time.

SEC. 8. No declaration, representation or pretence that any person being or having been in this State is or was a slave shall be deemed proved, except by the testimony of at least two credible witnesses, testifying to facts directly tending to establish the truth of such declaration, representation or pretence, or by legal evidence equivalent thereto; and any person who, upon any trial arising under this and the foregoing section, shall falsely and wilfully represent or pretend, with intent to aid any party accused under this act, that any person was or is a slave, or owes or did owe service or labour to any person or persons, shall pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the State prison not less than one year.

SEC. 9. On the trial of any prosecution arising under this act, no deposition shall be received as evidence.

SEC. 10. Every person who shall obstruct any officer in the service of any warrant issued in accordance with this act, or who shall aid in the escape of any person accused under sections seven and eight of this act, or who shall aid in the escape of any person accused under said sections seven and eight while pursued by such officer, or in his custody, shall be imprisoned in the State prison not less than one year.

SEC. 11. No

merits is the choice which it made of a standard-bearer in the late Presidential canvass. Col. Fremont is an intellectual man and a scholar; a renowned benefactor of his country, and an earnest opponent of the extension of slavery; and I only regret that he was not an Abolitionist, and was therefore not entitled to the votes of Abolitionists. But the Republican party is not an Abolition party. Not even those parts of slavery which exist within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government does it propose to abolish. It says nothing against slavery in the District of Columbia; nothing against the coastwise slave trade which is carried on under the laws of Congress; nothing against the inter-State slave trade. It lets the thrice infamous Fugitive Slave Act have its course. What a party for an Abolitionist to join! And what a party for him to remain in is that which treats him with unmeasured scorn! Now that the Republicans have got the votes of the Abolitionists, they can express their contempt and loathing of them with entire impunity. It would seem to be a leading object with the Republican orators in Congress to commend themselves and their party to slaveholders by showing how much they despise and shrink from the Abolitionists. Senator Trumbull spoke but as other Republican members of Congress speak, when he said, the present session, "Not only the President, but Senators here may abuse the Abolitionists as roundly as they please, and they will never find me a defender of them on any occasion." If it is true that some people have been known to be kicked into self-respect, then is there hope that even the Abolitionists may attain to this virtue, for there certainly never was a people more extensively favoured with subjection to the humiliating process.

So far from its being an Abolition party, the Republican party is, in one very important view, doing much more than any other to fasten slavery on the nation. Not that it so intends, but because, being in some degree an anti-slavery party, its concessions in behalf of slavery have a thousand-fold more force than the greater concessions of the pro-slavery parties.

THE MORE PROTESTANT, THE LESS PRO-SLAVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Independent*, writing from Louisiana, relates a conversation he had held with a French Catholic there, which is suggestive in more views than one. The slaveholder was plainly one of those children of the world who are wise in their generation. The position he took has long seemed to us a very shrewd one, and we have wondered it has not made more converts in the South to that most accommodating of all churches, which know so well how to become all things to all men. It accounts at the same time, of course, for the comparative unpopularity of Liberal Christianity wherever a religion is wanted to uphold any oppression. The correspondent writes—

"I told him in substance what I wrote and sent to your journal, and then added that if the Bible, or at least the Old Testament, was so much in favour of slavery as Southern people pretended, they ought to imbue their 'servants' with it. Why don't they teach them to read, and put the Levitical law and the rest of the Scriptures into their hands? He *smiled*, perhaps, if I was willing to say so, *laughed* in my face, and said, 'You Northern people are very simple. You don't seem to comprehend that all the South has to say about the Bible is an *argumentum ad hominem*, intended to parry off the thrusts of you Puritans, and perhaps to be used as an opiate to the consciences of some few Bibliolaters among ourselves. The really honest view of all with whom I am acquainted is that the Bible would be the most dangerous of books to be put into the hands of our servants. They think, in fact, like good Catholics, that ignorance is the mother of devotion. I am satisfied,' continued he, 'that within a generation, our Catholic principles will be the only ones by which the slaves can be governed, and particularly that the confessional will be the great political instrument to keep down insurrections. It is true that the ministers of your sect—the meanest Presbyterians, I suppose—' are servile enough in helping our planters, by their religion, to govern their servants; they act as a sort of slave-drivers of the conscience; and as for the rest of your Protestant sects, by the way, they have to bid against one another to secure the patronage of the planter, so that they are pretty sure to be subservient. But as I was saying, subservient as you Calvinists are, something of the leaven of the old German radical works in them, or rather through them, so that, in a course of years, I think that Presbyterian slaves and their teachers will need looking to. I anticipate, therefore, the final triumph of the good old Roman apostolical faith in the Southern States!'"

"Presbyterian slaves and their teachers will need looking to" by the South. Of course they will; and so, for the same reason, will the more Protestant Protestants need still more of this careful supervision. If a Presbyterian is dangerous to slavery "because something of the leaven of the old German radical works in him," will not the more thoroughly radical advocates of Christian liberty be wholly intolerable?

It is not a new observation that precisely as sects agree more or less in dogmas with the pliant and politic Holy Roman Catholic mother of churches, and of abominations, they become acceptable to tyrannical governments. The least offensive of Protestant denominations at the South is the high and dry Episcopal Church, so conservative of what is ecclesiastically established that it can take little notice of what is politically or socially unjust. Next in acceptance comes the wide spread, aristocratic Presbyterian fold, not much more republican in polity, but still oligarchic and semi-prelatic, the difference being that it has a great many more bishops, if the jurisdiction of each is less extensive. The humbler and more democratic sects recede in the same proportion from Rome and from the mad enthusiasm for slavery. The Methodists, when they pretend to Bishops, are most in favour with the admirers of the Patriarchs and their institutions. The so-called Protestant Methodists, repudiating even the quasi-Episcopacy of their more lordly brethren, stand in bad odour at the South, as they cannot quite forget that their founder, who never was a bisbop, used to call slavery the sum of all villanies. The Baptists flourish south of the Mason-Dixon line in proportion as they sink Roger Williams's principles of liberty and encourage the growth of a hard shell over them, decrying works and clamouring a faith more technical than moral.

Congregationalists do not flourish in the thick atmosphere of slavery, and least of all those most consistent and thorough-going Congregationalists who encourage all freedom of thought and consequently all other legitimate freedom, protesting against Popish subserviency to human masters in any shape.—*Christian Register.*

A NORTHERN VIRGINIA EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY.

From The New York Herald, February 28.

WE are informed from an authentic source that the Hon. Mr. Thayer, the leading spirit in the organization of the Kansas emigrant aid societies of the North, has, in conjunction with some other enterprising individuals, resolved upon the practical experiment of a great Northern Emigrant Aid Society, for the relief, resuscitation, and regeneration of Old Virginia.

The plan is simple enough, entirely feasible, and will no doubt, if put into practice, prove immensely profitable. It is proposed to raise a capital of three or four millions, and to use it in the hands of an enterprising company—first, in the purchase of some of the millions of the waste and worn out lands of Virginia (especially of Eastern Virginia); and, secondly, in the settlement of those lands by Northern and European colonists, allowing to each family from fifty to two hundred acres; thirdly, it is proposed to establish factories, villages, schools, &c., at eligible sites.

The results anticipated are—first, such large profits to the company as will enable them to extend very largely their sphere of operations; secondly, the introduction into Virginia, in the course of eight or ten years, of at least two hundred thousand emigrants, without niggers; thirdly, the rapid development of the dormant agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and mineral resources of the State; fourthly, such an impetus to the policy of free white labour as will speedily dissipate the existing system of slave labour; and lastly, the triumphant accession of the great Common wealth of Virginia to the free States of the Union.

Such is the present grand emigrant aid project of Mr. Thayer and his associates; and such, in brief, are their calculations. To some extent, in Fairfax County, for example, these Northern colonists have been tried, and have proved highly successful to all concerned. But the subject is a great one, the scheme is a grand one, and the field so inviting that we shall touch upon it again. What say our Virginia newspaper cotemporaries?

REMARKS.

We most strenuously recommend all Europeans to avoid emigrating to Virginia, or any other slave State, or to Kansas, or any other Territory where slavery exists. In all those countries the slavocracy rule and ruin. Emigration to Virginia has uniformly proved unsuccessful, and will continue to do so. Any attempt to regenerate or reform Virginia whilst it is under the absolute control of the slavocracy will end in utter defeat and mortification.—*European.*

A MAN-STEALER IN A NEW YORK PULPIT.

[Prof. Mattison, the Corresponding Editor of *The Northern Independent* (Methodist, Auburn), lately visited New York, and attended Sunday service in the Trinity M. E. Church, where he heard a sermon from the Rev. M. F. Deems, formerly of the University of North Carolina. In a letter to the paper above named, he says:]

ON Monday morning we chanced to ride down town in the cars with Dr. Deems, who had preached at Trinity the morning previous. The conversation turned upon the new paper, slavery, etc.; whereupon the Doctor coolly informed us that he was "*the owner of several slaves*"—that he "felt no more conscience about owning his cook than he did about owning his wife," &c. We asked him if the relation which Southern gentlemen sustained to their wives was that of master and slave? to which he made no reply.

He stated, moreover, not only that three-fourths of the members of his Conference were slaveholders, but that several members of the Baltimore Conference were slaveholders also. He said the slaves were usually deeded to some other person, but were *in fact* owned by the preachers. Were some of these slaveholders in the last General Conference?

The General Conference of 1848 refused to receive Dr. Pierce as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, or to fraternize with them. Thus the Methodist Episcopal Church disfellowshipped these slaveholding Methodist preachers in the most emphatic and solemn manner. It is, consequently, the duty of every Methodist preacher to carry out this expressed will of the General Conference. No preacher has a right to set the authority of the Church at defiance, by publicly recognising ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and even slaveholding preachers, as ministers of Christ. And yet what are the facts? Why, these slaveholders are not only welcomed to our pulpits in Baltimore, and along the "border," but even in Philadelphia, and Newark, and New York. Bishop Pierce was publicly associated with Bishops Janes and Simpson, in the dedication of the Broad street church, Newark, N. J.; and now a slaveholding Doctor of Divinity has been introduced into the church we toiled so hard to rear—the best Methodist church edifice on this continent—to show the people the way to heaven! And what is worst of all, this same D.D. was extremely tenacious upon the subject of holiness, and is himself a *professor of entire sanctification!* There, you have it—a sanctified slaveholder! But that is no worse than Dr. Stevens's idea of an anti-slavery slaveholding Church. It is all of a piece with fresh salt, dry water, rum-drinking temperance men, chaste prostitutes and holy devils.

Every pulpit entered by a slaveholding preacher ought to be sent to quarantine, like an infected ship, and there washed, and scraped, and fumigated, and then re-dedicated. It is a *desecration* of our holy places—a *solemn mockery*, not only of the General Conference, but of all religion—for a slaveholder to preach in one of our pulpits. We presume Dr. Foster was not aware that Dr. Deems was a slaveholder.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

THE St. Louis *Republican*, a journal that has made itself notorious as the principal organ and advocate of the border ruffians, feels the growing sentiment against slavery in Missouri so strongly as to be compelled to speak on the subject as follows:

"Slavery will never be formally abolished in Missouri. Emancipation, either immediate or gradual, will never be enacted into law, in this State. But yet slavery will soon cease to exist in Missouri. The fiat is irreversible. It will not be abolished. It will disappear. It will melt away, as the snows of Winter. It is going now; and once started, it will gather increased acceleration, like a stone rolling down a mountain-side.

"It is a strange thing that just as the pro-slavery sentiment in Missouri was supposed to have reached its acme—just after pro-slaveryism had invaded Kansas, in the riotous self-sufficiency of determined propagandism—just after all other parties in the State had succumbed to the dominancy of the party arrogating to be, *par excellence*, the pro-slavery party of the State—just after the entire South had proclaimed their pride in Missouri as the bulwark and very citadel of the 'Institution'—it is strange that at this very instant the fatal secret should leak out and be whispered through the land, that slavery is waning in Missouri, and *to be waning is to be dead*. It is as if a warrior, clutching victory in the fight, should, that instant, have an arrow pierce his heart.

"We have no words to waste on the theoretic view of slavery. We are not opposed to slavery *per se*. It is an institution useful to heathen races, whom it Christianizes and enlightens. It is useful to commence an old civilization, in furnishing it with cotton, sugar and coffee, products that free labour will probably never yield in abundance sufficient to supply the wants of the world. It is useful, again, in the development of the highest qualities of a *governing class*, as evidenced in Southern ascendency in the political history of this country.

"So much for slavery *per se*. But it is out of place in Missouri. We have enough slaves in Missouri to deter hundreds of thousands of free labourers from coming here. But we have not enough to do one-tenth of the servile labour of the State. So Missouri languishes. She is neither free nor slave. She would be better off either with a half million more slaves or with none at all. And, as the slaves cannot be had, and the State must take a more positive character than she has heretofore held, slavery is of its own accord yielding, and will rapidly disappear from the State. The fertile fields, the vast forests and rich mines of Missouri must be worked, and will be. It is manifest destiny. As the slaves cannot be got here to develope the wealth that God intends shall be developed, free white men will—and that is the end of slavery."

The rabid pro-slavery journal that talks in this strain is published in St. Louis, where public sentiment recognises the decline of slavery. Therefore, while it loves and glorifies the institution, it is compelled to treat that public sentiment with respect, and openly acknowledge that slavery in Missouri is doomed. This is a hopeful sign. Let slavery disappear in Missouri, and that State will almost immediately become one of the wealthiest, noblest, and most populous States in the Union. What a vast flood of emigration would move into Missouri if it should cease to be a slave State!

The German papers of Missouri very generally come out in favour of free labour in that State, as likely to advance its domestic prosperity. The *Anzeiger* declares that the question cannot be too much discussed, and that the "Emancipation party in St. Louis is already stronger than the Benton party ever was." The same paper declares that, notwithstanding the movement was so sudden, it has gained many unexpected friends and supporters in the ranks of the National Democracy. The *Anzeiger* adds: "It is certain that St. Louis, and probably a few other Counties, are ripe for this agitation, and that any movement on the part of the borderers in Western Missouri to interfere again in the affairs of Kansas will certainly be the signal for the agitation of the question of emancipation in Missouri." The *Volksblatt* also occupies much the same ground.—*Boston Telegraph.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

"THE King is dead; long live the King!" was the old form of announcement of the death of a French monarch. That royalty never dies is as true of the Republic as of the Empire. As a benign prince illustrates his accession to power by some great act of clemency—as visiting the widow and the fatherless, by some great act of public charity, or opening the prison-doors to them that are bound—so at coronations sometimes with us the Royal Prerogative is exercised that our Lord and Master also may be held in perpetual remembrance. In those old forms of government, which our newspapers and orators so love to call worn out and effete, in these occasional recognitions of the subject by the supreme power, the relation between them is supposed to be the beneficent and sacred one of father and children. In our newer form—the "sublime spectacle" of self-government—there is no pretence of any relation either beneficent or tender. Whatever there is paternal in it is only the paternity which the slave-driver has to the parti-coloured children of the plantation; and whatever there is beneficent is of that kind which fulfilleth the Scripture—"that he who knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

We have commented in another column on the President's Inaugural Address, but without in the least forgetting that the President and his Inauguration are alike a ceremony. Whatever force there may be in them comes from position; even as the painted woman, whom we should not notice on the *pavé*, becomes a distinguished object when seated in a Triumphal Car, as the Goddess of Liberty, in the Inauguration Procession. Mr. Buchanan, who has rarely had so clear an idea as when he said he was a Platform, is no more the independent head of the nation than she is a Goddess. Liberty is found in no such company. So the ever-living King sits at home in the White House, or in the Capitol, or perchance is visiting his plantations; but it is he who directs the pageant, and shall make himself heard presently, in his own voice, if there shall be any need of it, without the interposition of any intricate forms, or the encumbrance of any stupid pretences. And it is interesting to see how the Slave Power (to drop the figure of royalty) never permits the necessary moment for the assertion of its paramount authority to pass unheeded; never forgets that the price of slavery is eternal vigilance; never allows its subjects to raise their voices in angry expostulation, without reminding them of their vows of allegiance, and recalling them at once from the folly of a timid defiance. It is always true to itself; true, be it observed, as a great whole—as a Power—representing the slaveholders as individual units; and true in each individual unit as representing the great whole. It is thus doubly guarded. The whole takes care of each, and each takes care of the whole. If it does not act, in any given case, from reflection, or is at fault in its judgment, it relies upon instinct. If unconscious of the impulse of instinct, it nevertheless follows it as unerringly as hybernating animals awake at the approach of heat. The necessity seen, and, as a Power, it acts promptly and effectually; the necessity unseen, it may still act; but if not, then some miserable atom, some minute and mean constituent part of the great whole, creeps forth, and, prompted by the Devil, its father, does the thing that is then and there to be done.

The present time is an occasion that called for the visible presence, and the assertion of the rights and the purposes of our

> "———— horrid King, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."

It was impossible that the country could go through so alarming a convulsion as the last Presidential election and not be compelled to submit to a new and more forcible lesson than has ever before been given it as to who is its master. It has been held sufficient, for the last five or six years, to test the sincerity, or show the impotency, of the murmurs of the North at the increasing arrogant aggressions of the South, to send into Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or Cincinnati, and seize some unhappy fugitive, and, with every possible aggravation of insult and contumely to Northern manliness and Northern humanity, to hunt the wretch back again into the hell from which he had escaped. Nor, indeed, was this lesson omitted on this occasion. The smoke of the cannon that announced Mr. Buchanan's election had hardly cleared away before some villain stole a man in Philadelphia, with the warrant of the son of David Paul Brown, the man who, for years, has been the fugitives' counsel in that city, and whose name, therefore, would illustrate the deed. This was well, but not enough. The exigency of the times required a more striking demonstration, and the moment, moreover, is favourable, in the first flush of a great triumph, for a new act of aggression hitherto only foreshadowed. It is before us. The decision of the Supreme Court, a synopsis of which may be found on our first page, and upon which we comment in another column, is the true Inauguration of the new Administration. It is the way our Sovereign Lord and King, who never dies, takes to remind his faithful subjects of his supreme will, and their allegiance.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

WE have never had the pleasure of seeing the august head of our beloved country, and cannot, therefore, say from personal knowledge whether that *leery* look of what the Scotch call an "innocent," and that habitual twist which seems to betoken a helpless imbecility, both which we see in the shop-window portraits, really characterize the man or not. The general opinion of the people of the North, at any rate, has been in accordance with the impression that these portraits give us; and there certainly is nothing in the past history of Mr. Buchanan, except the mere fact that he has achieved political success—if that be an exception—which should qualify that opinion. On the other hand, the Inaugural Address, a portion of which may be found in its appropriate place, on our first page, most fully justifies it. It is as weak a State paper, perhaps, as was ever penned, and its issue can only be accounted for on the supposition that Mr. Buchanan himself wrote it, and had nobody near him either to write another or to prevent his publishing this. It is undoubtedly the last we shall have of the sort, for Mr. Buchanan now has a Cabinet, and it is to be presumed will be properly taken care of. We mean only that it will be the last address issued by this Administration which will be so weak, and not the last which will be as wicked. In that direction we do not mean to suggest the possibility of any limit.

When Louis Napoleon compelled the people of France, at the point of the bayonet, to vote for him as Emperor, he glorified the nation at the sublime spectacle of a great people exercising the right of freely choosing their own ruler. So Mr. Buchanan says, alluding to his own election, and the "passions excited in our fellow-citizens" in the recent canvass, that "the voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed." A wiser man would hardly have forgotten that the majority which chose him was only a majority in an electoral college, created on a vicious system, and that the actual vote by the people showed him to be in a minority of nearly half a million. Or if he had chosen to ignore the popular majority, and insist only upon that of the college, he would have been careful to say nothing of the submission of his opponents, when neither he nor anybody else can have forgotten that "submission" was an attitude which his friends proclaimed they would not take in case of defeat. A wise man, moreover, would have remembered that in all but three of those States which gave him their vote there was no opportunity of an expression of the popular will; for those who might have nominated, or voted for, the electoral ticket which really received the votes of a majority of the whole people would have done so at the peril of their lives. Such a man would have reflected that his election was as much a *coup d'état* as that which made Louis Napoleon Emperor of France. But Mr. Buchanan is not a wise man, and so he twaddles of "passions," of "majorities," of "Constitution," of "submission," and of "grand and striking spectacles."

An address beginning with such pleasant absurdities does not disappoint the hope of more of the same sort. Mr. Buchanan is convinced that he "owes his election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people." The "inherent love" he might have safely taken for granted, let who would have been elected; but if the only evidence of it is the choice of Mr. Buchanan, then it does not exist in a majority of the people, for he had not their votes. He clearly believes that he had, however, and is as much carried away with the idea of "the will of the majority" as if it were just now for the first time apprehended by him. Its full beauty probably is. And so, reasoning from what he conceives to be its beautiful application to his own case, he exclaims: "What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule—that the will of the majority shall govern—to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in Kansas." The "happy conception," of course, is Mr. Douglas's "dodge" of Squatter Sovereignty. This accepted doctrine, the President thinks, must end the agitation which has been ended so many times before, as new States will come in, with slavery or without, as their people shall decide. But when? Here again he is as clear as ever. He recognises the difference of opinion as to the time when this sovereignty shall be exercised, though he considers it of no practical importance, forgetting, or being really unable to comprehend, that this very question, as to the time when, is precisely the difference on which the two parties are divided. And before he gets to the end of the paragraph, he repudiates the whole doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, Mr. Douglas's "happy conception," by avowing his opinion to be that it should not be exercised till there were inhabitants enough in the Territory to entitle her to admission as a State!

Nor are these the most brilliant fruits of the parturition of a mind whose "conception" of ideas must unquestionably have taken place under very unhappy circumstances. In the recent Presidential contest, he tells us, "the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance." To these questions, which all relate to slavery, the President devotes, as is proper, considerably more than half his address. But, as the man said to Noah, "it is, after all, not much of a shower." It will be "most happy for the country," Mr. Buchanan thinks, when the public mind shall be diverted from these questions—the questions of deep and *vital* importance about which "our *passions* have been excited"—"to others of more pressing and practical importance"! One has a right to expect to be told what there is of more consequence to the people than that which is *vital*; but the expectation is vain. We only learn presently that "this question of domestic slavery is of far greater importance than any mere political question." In other words, it is "vital"; it is "deep"; it excites the "passions" of the people—a people who alone, of all the earth, can exhibit so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of self-government—"to the highest degree"; "it is of *far greater* importance than any mere political question"; and yet it is altogether secondary and trifling to others of a more pressing and practical character. And what these are we have not even a hint!

But he does not leave us in the dark as to why "the question is of far more importance than any mere political question." It is "because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution [slavery] exists." That is to say, it is possible that the slaves may cut their masters' throats, unless the Northern people shall not merely be silent upon the subject of slavery in the States, but quietly submit to its extension to wherever the slaveholders choose to carry it. But suppose we do not? Accept, then, in return, says Mr. Buchanan, not merely "terrific evils," which he "will not attempt to portray," but the loss of free trade with the South, and the destruction of "the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man," whose example was to be instrumental "in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world." It is not worth while to inquire how the cause of civil and religious liberty is to be helped by extending slavery over a continent, for that is a form of speech to which we are accustomed; but an inquiring mind would seek to know of what possible use it would be to us to retain a trade with a people whose throats we had already procured to be cut?

If Mr. Buchanan knew anything of the temper and feeling of his "fellow-citizens" of the North, he would never have appealed to them to cease agitation, lest, should it continue, the slaves should seize their masters by the throat, and achieve their freedom with their hands red with blood. The North is far enough from being anti-slavery in any high sense of the term. It is not disposed to patient waiting, and patient working, and uncomplaining sacrifice, and unswerving devotion to the cause of Liberty. But one thing it is quite ready for; and that is to see the slave work out his own salvation and redemption; to rejoice to see him rise from the earth and assert his own manhood; and to wish for him a man's reward in the security of his Freedom and his Rights. If there comes a death-grapple of that sort, if the North stands by as a quiet spectator, we have faith enough in her generous nature to believe that it will be with a prayer that God speed the Right!

But let us give our new President credit for entire frankness on one point. He is no more distinguished for the faculty of clearness of statement than he is for the gift of intellectual brilliancy, but he does his best to acquaint us with his policy in regard to future acquisitions of territory. We are to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of other nations, and not attempt any interference in their concerns, unless the great law of self-preservation shall impel us to do otherwise. This means Cuba. Nor shall we acquire any more territory unless our doing so shall be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honour; in which case we shall do as we please, and no other nation must interfere or complain. And this means as much of Mexico and Central America as we choose to take. We are at least thankful that the President, understanding one thing clearly, should have been so favoured as to be able to state it without any very extraordinary circumlocution.

THE LATEST BLOW.

WE have often enough expressed our opinions as to the quarter whence our greatest dangers are to be looked for. A President may do a good deal of mischief, if he apply himself assiduously to the work; Congress may distinguish itself in the same way, and often does; but what President or Congress can do is temporary and fleeting, and may be swept away by the tide of time and the current of events, and leave but a slight mark on the nation's history. It is the Supreme Judges who hold in their hands the balance of our destinies much more truly than any other kind or sort of men or of functionaries. They are the authentic expositors of the fundamental law which lies behind and under the action of the legislative or executive power, and according as they decree must our republican kings rule and the inferior judges decree justice. From what they ordain there is no appeal, except one which, from the present Constitution of the Government, it is virtually impossible ever to make. They are our Destinies who hold in their hand the thread of our fate, and we are helpless and powerless in the grasp of their prevailing might. The dominant power in the land has shown itself as well aware of this Judicial omnipotence as we are, and has taken care that none should be permitted to share it who were not to be trusted with a perfect reliance.

The last week has listened to a response from these oracles which ought to strike every heart with shame and dread. A new blow has been aimed at the rights at once of the slave and of the freeman, and so aimed as to have the most fatal possible effect. The pervading leaven of Slavery, it is now pronounced, permeates every portion of the Constitution and reaches every part of the country. Men of African descent, though descended from fathers who fought with Washington on land or with Hull on sea (not to say from such as signed the Declaration of Independence), are put under the ban of the Republic and declared outside of the nation. They have no redress in the Courts of the country, they have no right to take part in its government, they are the black lepers of our polity and placed out of the pale of national protection and sympathy. While the bondage of these enslaved brethren forms the corner-stone of our Free Institutions, they are excluded from any benefit of the structure thus supported and reared. And they can acquire no national citizenship by removal into States where they are permitted a local political equality. The citizens of every State may not enjoy the privileges of citizenship in every other State. There is a Power behind every single Northern State greater than the greatest of them all, which takes the cap of liberty from the heads on which they have placed it and declares it to be of no virtue beyond the near frontiers. The insulting doctrine, which was laughed at when first promulgated by Georgia as an absurd Southernism, is now accepted and proclaimed as the supreme law of the land by the highest judicial authority within it!

But were the rights of black men only concerned, we fear there would be but too many persons who would be content with shrugging their shoulders and declaring it "infamous," without giving it a second thought. But this decision of the Supreme Court strikes much deeper than that—it aims at the heart of all our rights through that of the African race. In the midst of all the disgraces and shames to which we have been forced to submit, in consequence of the constitutional recognition of slavery, there was at least one gleam of comfort, one ray of self-respect, left to us. At least, the slaveholder could not voluntarily insult us by bringing his slaves with him into our States. If they escaped from him, we could not deny that, by the Constitution, he was entitled to some process by which to recover them, even if the one now provided were radically vicious. But if he brought them with him, of his own free will, they became free the moment they touched our soil or breathed our air. But now the hierophants of Slavery have breathed upon them, and our soil has become polluted and our air is poisoned. The virtue has gone out of the one and out of the other. The whole land is given up to the slave-master as a prey and as a dwelling-place as well as a hunting-ground. Slavery is adjudged authentically to be National and not Sectional—it may not only take possession at its pleasure of the wildernesses of the Territories, but it may wander at will and disport itself in any of the States, and no man may molest and make it afraid.

The great question now is whether this decision will be recognised as the Highest Law of the Nation in the several States—whether this assault on the reserved rights of the people of the North will be submitted to? We confess we do not entertain much hope of any resistance to it anywhere but in gallant young Wisconsin—and we hope for it with trembling even there. The superstition of the nation as to the divinity of Judgeship is so inveterate that it is hard to believe that it can be overcome as yet. Five fourth or fifth-rate County Court lawyers of the Slaveholding class (for none of the Southern Judges were ever heard of before their appointment), assisted by a couple of second-rate lawyers from the North, pronounce an opinion which will be received by the Country as if it was certified directly from the Chancery of Heaven! At least, we fear that it will be so. The only two men of any professional eminence before their elevation to the Bench, Judge McLean and Judge Curtis, take the opposite ground. But this quintessence of feebleness in learning and talent, fortified only by the ownership of human beings and speaking its pleasure, gives law to all of us, and makes the whole North a temporary slave-pen for its uses and with no power of resistance and resentment! The plot surely thickens and the interest deepens—we wish we could hope that a fortunate *denouement* was at hand.

As we understand it, slave-traders have a perfect constitutional right to drive their coffles of slaves from Virginia to Portland or Calais, and there ship them for their Southern destination, if they think it best to do so, and there is no power in the Judiciary or the Executive of any free State to interpose an obstacle in their way. This may or may not be done—but if not, it will be only because it is not the most convenient method of forwarding this peculiar species of property to its destination. As Lemmon thought it the best economy to bring his slaves to this port for shipment to Texas, it is by no means unlikely that a portion of this carrying trade to the more distant ports will find its way hither. At any rate, we shall have all our watering-places and our quiet country towns insulted by the presence of slaveholders attended by their slaves, and there will be no hope except in the risks and uncertainties of the underground railway. The right of the slaveholder to carry his slaves where he will in the free States, provided he is only a visitor with no purpose of taking up a Northern citizenship, we conceive to be fully set up by this decision. Or, if it be not, there will be another forthcoming from the same oracular source as soon as it shall be demanded. The Free States are placed at the feet of the slaveholders and their feet put upon our necks, not merely at Washington and in the Territories, and in distant places and by circuitous processes, but at their very firesides and roadsides, by their fresh rivers and under their green trees. Will it be suffered? We shall soon see.

We will not affirm that this decision of the Supreme Court is not constitutional. We think it by no means unlikely that it is a logical deduction from the premises laid down in that instrument. But if so, is it an instrument worth the parchment on which it is written to any Northern use or safety? It either is constitutional or it is not. If it be, then we affirm that it is a nuisance which should be abated, as abominable and mischievous in the sight of God and towards men. If it be not constitutional, then we see a power set up by the Constitution greater than itself, which overrides it, and rides over us. There is no escape from one horn or the other of this dilemma, and whatever one we choose, our practical liberties are impaled upon it. In either case, the plain duty of every true lover of his country is to make it infamous, hateful, contemptible, and to bring his countrymen to trample it under their feet as soon as possible. Toward this consummation we look upon this last *coup d'état* as a favourable measure. In the state in which this country finds itself at present, the fiercer the insult, the bitterer the blow, the better. If anything can galvanize it into vitality again, it will be a succession of shocks like that. If they cannot restore vital force enough to enable it to slough off the hideous excrescence which is eating out its heart, why, the sooner it dies under it the better.

*DR. CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.**

WE have before us a volume containing the substance of the series of sermons lately delivered by the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in this city, and which were listened to by crowded and deeply interested assemblies; also two discourses by the same author, one on "The Divinely Appointed Freedom of the Pulpit, the Senate and the Press, for the Preservation of Freedom to Mankind," delivered immediately after the brutal attack upon Senator Sumner, and the other upon "The Iniquity of the Extension of Slavery," delivered in the Academy of Music, just before the late Presidential Election. The volume is published at the office of *The Independent*, because, as we understand, no New York bookseller could be found to publish it, even with a guarantee against pecuniary loss. In the whole immense body of evidence of the pro-slavery character of this city, and of the extent to which slavery controls its business relations, we have known no more pregnant and note-worthy item than this.

A gentleman who had listened to the sermons which we now have, slightly varied in form, in this book, being asked by a friend what was the character of them, replied by the single word "Tremendous." And this is exactly the right word. Dr. Cheever's logical power, when he starts from right premises, and his rhetorical power in any case, are perfectly terrible. His apt and ingenious illustrations from the commonest details of daily life, his profusion (without redundance) of epithets, each appropriate and energetic, and all so arranged in their succession as to intensify the impression desired, his power to see and his skill clearly to express a lower, beyond what had seemed to his audience the lowest, depth of guilt, extent of responsibility and fulness of retribution, and his perfect familiarity with the whole terrific arsenal of Old Testament denunciation and invective (which in him, as in Mr. Garrison, seems vernacular in its appropriateness and its power), thoroughly justify the epithet "tremendous." His words burn, glow, flash and sparkle, pierce between the joints of the slaveholder's harness, and devour, as flame does flax, all the stereotyped excuses which custom has put into his mouth. In fact, Dr. Cheever greatly resembles Mr. Garrison in a power, derived in both cases from early and thorough familiarity with the prophetic parts of the Old Testament, of expressing "the exceeding sinfulness of sin"; each speaks, when rebuking sin, "as one having authority"; and each plainly feels in himself, and thoroughly impresses upon his audience, that in the rebuke of sin, and the call to repentance and reformation, he is truly an ambassador from God.

The deficiencies and errors of this book, which we are presently to point out, do not appreciably impair its value for the discomfiture of the pro-slavery man. Especially, we would say, let it be put into the hands of every "pious" slaveholder—of every man-stealer who assumes the title of patriarch, and who comforts himself with taking for granted that, in the matter of holding, buying, selling and breeding slaves, Abraham was his father, and Noah his great grandfather, and Paul his chief of patrol and sergeant of slave-catchers. To such men this book must seem like one come to torment them before the expected time.

We should be glad to quote some of the admirable passages in this book; but we have not columns enough to spare, and selection, where so many pages and chapters are *most* admirable, is a very difficult task. We must restrict ourselves to giving merely the barest abstract of the subjects treated. These are—The prevalence and power of unrighteous law, and the ruin which it tends to bring upon a nation—the frightful guilt of the government which enacts, and of the preachers who defend or excuse, such laws—the worship of the golden calves in this country, and in New York preëminently—the obligations of the pulpit in the sight of God—the hypocrisy of the outcry against political preaching, and the guilt of shielding men's sins from the light of the Gospel—the glory and freedom of the word of God in its universal and perpetual application—demonstration of the sinfulness of slavery—proof that no such thing as slavery was known among the Hebrews—ludicrousness of the claim of Africans as our property by reason of Noah's curse on Canaan—wrath of God against the Jews for the attempted establishment of slavery—penalty of death against the crime of man-stealing—compass of this law, and especially its application to the claim of children as property—the germinating and propagating power of evil, shown in slavery—sacredness of the parental relation—violation of it by slavery—slaveholding, with the claim of property, is man-stealing—accumulated crime, accumulated retribution—ownership in man not possible—the assumption of it forbidden in both Old and New Testaments—the restoration of runaway servants forbidden—the Hebrew fugitive law was in behalf of the servant, not the master—demonstration from this law that human beings *cannot* be property—Paul's epistle to Philemon—the assertion that the word of God sanctions slavery an impious libel—Hebrew Jubilee statute of universal freedom, and its application to heathen servants—perversion and misinterpretation of the Mosaic laws—no involuntary servitude allowed—every contract perfectly voluntary—Hebrew usage of the word "buy"—servants bought by voluntary contract with themselves, but not of a third party—both Hebrew and heathen servants free at the Jubilee—God's judgments against slavery—degradation of free labour—individual responsibility—province of the pulpit—pretensions and demands of slavery—consequences if we yield to them—guilt of extending slavery—perpetual agitation and power of conscience.

Scattered through Dr. Cheever's book, we find a clear statement and an effective defence of the following propropositions.

1. There is no possibility of acquiring a right of property in man.

2. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments not only hold this ground, but give abundant testimony to it, positive, negative and incidental.

3. Wicked laws should not only be disobeyed, but denounced and rejected.

4. The responsibility for denouncing such laws, and thus leading the people to reject them, rests preëminently upon the ministry.

5. The ministry are able, at their pleasure, to mould the character of the people for good or evil; to lead them to obey God or to disobey Him.

6. The *purpose* of the Gospel is to turn men from their iniquities; and the business of the preacher is to make the *application* of it to those iniquities.

7. For evidence that a man loves God, we are to look, not to his professions or public prayers, but to the evidence whether or not he loves his neighbour.

8. The time and place for preaching against any sin are the very time when and the very place where the sin is practised—or its lawfulness and righteousness maintained, or its demoralizing, destructive influence felt.

9. If such preaching causes agitation and disturbance at that time and place, the stronger is the evidence that it was needed.

10. The ministry are not authorized by fear of such agitation, or by any form of selfish expediency, either to conceal, or diminish, or pervert the truth, or to shield or favour any form of iniquity. To do this is a conspiracy against the souls of men; an attempt upon the very life of men and of nations.

11. Next to sincere reliance on God, the first requisites of a minister are boldness and *thoroughness*.

Before proceeding further in our examination of Dr. Cheever's volume, we wish to recall to the minds of our readers some facts relating to his ministry in New York. He has been for seventeen years a settled pastor in this city. During the whole of that time, slavery has not only existed and flourished throughout one-half of our immense territory, but has been dominant and triumphant over the whole of it, swaying the Executive power, controlling the army, navy, treasury, post-office, press and pulpit, commerce and manufactures, using the Northern territory as its hunting-ground, and disposing of the liberties and lives of Northern citizens according to its own wishes and interests. During the whole of that period of seventeen years, the power of slavery has been extending, its arrogance increasing, its outrages even upon freemen becoming more numerous. Where was Dr. Cheever in all those years? Where were his burning eloquence, his fervour in defence of God's truth, justice and righteousness against the pro-slavery arguments of his clerical brethren, his scorching denunciations of a sin which, though the sum of all villanies, impudently claimed the Bible itself as its ally and authority? Theodore D. Weld had written and published, more than seventeen years ago, a work called "The Bible Against Slavery," as elaborate, as thorough and as fervent as the book we have been considering. Why did Dr. Cheever never echo it before? Not for want of power; for the peculiar characteristics of his eloquence were as well developed twenty years ago, when he preached in Salem, Massachusetts, as at present. Not for want of himself understanding the application of God

"It is worth a seventeen years ministry to come to such a crisis, and be permitted of God to speak out. Never before has the extension of slavery been made a personal responsibility, at least not directly; but now it is" (p. 60).

"The question of duty with us is not merely national, and corporate, but individual, *inasmuch as every man is called to vote*" (p. 80).

"I wish that it were in my power, by any language, to express the sacredness and solemnity of a vote in this crisis. * * * There has never been such an opportunity till now. * * * It is idle to pretend *any other question* depending than just this—Shall slavery be extended and nationalized?" (p. 180.)

"He [God] has given us an impregnable vantage-ground and battery of resistance in his word, against the *extension* of slavery, and here we plant ourselves resisting" (p. 232).

"It would be easy for any State Legislature (at the South), nay, for all, if the people would consent, to put a stop to the evil. If they would but take example from the law of jubilee, and bring in a bill that at the end of fifty years every child born in the State should be born free, the evil would, in that period, without difficulty work itself away" (p. 172).

Would it? It is very clear that, by this plan, two generations of slaves would *be worked away*, exactly as they are now; but, if Dr. Cheever's wife or daughter were among them, would he think that method entirely *without difficulty?* Perhaps, however, he *would* sacrifice and prostitute them as readily as he has his favourite proof-text of the Hebrew jubilee, in representing it above as paralleled by a law, that at the end of fifty years every *child* should be *born* free, instead of every *person made free*.

7. We will now give some of the abundant additional evidence that Dr. Cheever represents a new and unprecedented *crisis* as having come upon us, so different in kind from all that has preceded it as to make acquiescence in the *extension* of slavery quite inexcusable, though acquiescence in its *continuance* is quietly taken for granted as perfectly proper, in spite of the accusing examples of Moses, Micaiah, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, Daniel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, and a great cloud of other witnesses, whom Dr. Cheever praises for not having kept back the dangerous parts of the truth—and also in spite of the *possible* danger of receiving the curse of judicial darkness into his own soul. Here are his words.

"There are seasons of deliberate choice forever, where two ways meet, and nations, as individuals, come to the point, decide, and from that step go steadily downward or upward, according to that decision. We ourselves, as a nation, have come to such a point. We *are to choose* for an empire between wrong and righteousness, between justice and injustice, between oppression and benevolence, between slavery and freedom" (p. 79).

As if the nation's choice had not long ago *been made* for the former of these alternatives, and as if Dr. Cheever had not been tacitly acquiescing in it for the last seventeen years! And yet, after having skulked into concealment from his watchman's tower until the end of those seventeen years, and after having now decided to declare only part, and the less important part, of the truth, he exultingly declares himself "*permitted* of God to *speak out*." If this be not already existing "judicial darkness," it is impudent hypocrisy and imposture. Let Dr. Cheever take his choice. Again—

"It is a spectacle, and a national issue, such as there never was before in all the world" (p. 79).

"God has brought us, *at length*, by a wonderful combination of circumstances, to this, as the one absorbing issue before us as a nation—Will we choose slavery or freedom? Will we sanction and extend that which God abhors, or will we choose that which he commands? In the history of the whole world, no nation was ever brought face to face with God, to answer such a question, as ours is at this day."

Here again Dr. Cheever (either by "judicial darkness" or deceitfully—let him take his choice) mixes the *sanction* and the *extension* of slavery in the same sentence, as if the former, as much as the latter, were a new question of the present day; as if he had not been for seventeen years, and were not still, politically and ecclesiastically upholding the former, however loudly he may protest against the latter, with the following Abdiel-like tone of boldness, faithfulness and thoroughness.

"But why speak here, and why now? Because *the time has come*, and the occasion, and the demand, and the personal moral necessity. * * * This is a *crisis* in which, with the word of God in trust to proclaim for God, we *cannot* be silent"—except in regard to the house of Rimmon, like St. Naaman the Syrian.

Before taking leave of Dr. Cheever, we will avail ourselves of his unquestionable orthodoxy to quote his testimony respecting the pro-slavery spirit and atmosphere of *city prayer-meetings* and *city pulpits*.

"Men pray for revivals of religion, but if any brother from the country, too simple-hearted to understand the atmosphere and the currents of the prayer-meeting, happens to pray for the deliverance of the oppressed and the enslaved, a feeling runs through the room as of something strange, ill-judged, unmannered, as if fanaticism has appeared bodily in the assembly. If slavery be *in any way* referred to, they remark upon the injudiciousness of such preaching, how certain it is to put a stop to revivals of religion, and drive away the pious praying hearts that long for the outpouring of God's Spirit.

"Now is it to be supposed that God does not see to the very bottom of such hollow professions, or that his indignation against such hypocrisy is any less at this day than it was of old? * * * Our young men look in vain to *our pulpits* for that sympathy with the oppressed, and affinity with the native impulses of the human heart for freedom, which *true* religion *always* possesses, and which the *true* gospel *cultivates*. They are repelled by the cold, sanctimonious caution with which all enthusiasm for freedom is banished from *the sanctuary*" (pp. 85-6).

These things are not only obviously true, but they are such as eminently need to be published and proclaimed. Yet, for saying the very same things *in substance* (however far short we may have fallen of Dr. Cheever's felicity of expression), we have ourselves been regarded and stigmatized by sundry pious brethren as "little better than one of the wicked."

THE TRACT SOCIETY INVESTIGATION.

LETTER FROM JUDGE JAY.

Our readers will remember that the quarrel which sprang up in the American Tract Society, on account of its course in relation to slavery, was composed, for the time being, by the appointment of a Committee to investigate its affairs. The Committee consists of the following gentlemen: Theodore Frelinghuysen, Rev. Dr. Dewitt, Judge William Jessup, Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. M. B. Anderson, Rev. Dr. Bedell, Rev. Dr. Stone, Rev. Dr. McLeod, James Donaldson, George H. Stuart, Rev. Dr. Hawes, Rev. Dr. Palmer, and Rev. Dr. Schmucker. The party objecting to the pro-slavery course of the Society professed themselves entirely satisfied with this Committee—at least we heard no objection from them—when the appointment was first made. Of late, however, we have observed indications of anxiety on their part, lest the Committee should fail to take such action as they desire. For our own part, we have not had the slightest expectation that their report would be anything else than a new rendering of an old farce under the hateful name of a "compromise"—another attempt to "split the difference" between right and wrong.

It is announced, we perceive, that the Committee, in pursuance of the object of their appointment, will meet in this city next week. At this opportune moment comes the press "A Letter" addressed to the Committee, by the Hon. William Jay, reminding them of the great reponsibility they have assumed, and urging them, by arguments alike eloquent and irrefragable, not to "daub with untempered mortar," but to meet the questions submitted to them in a manly and Christian spirit. He shows that slavery and Christianity are as incompatible with each other as light and darkness, truth and falsehood, heaven and hell; he exposes with an unsparing hand the guilty conduct of the American Church in sanctioning and defending the system, and shows that the Tract Society is bound by every consideration of propriety and duty to denounce it as a crime and to warn the perpetrators and apologists to repent on pain of the Divine displeasure; he holds up to general scorn and detestation the flimsy sophistries and lying pretences of Cotton Divinity, showing clearly that it strikes at the very foundations of Christian morality and public virtue. Of this divinity he treats the Rev. Nehemiah Adams as an exponent, and declares that no adjustment of the matters in issue which does not include his expulsion from the Publishing Committe of the Tract Society will satisfy the awakening anti-slavery sentiment of the Christian community.

We find in this Letter several pungent passages that we should like to present to our readers at once, if the space at our command would allow us to do so. It will have the effect, we doubt not, to stir up a wholesome excitement among those whose influence will control the action of the Tract Society, and it may perhaps stimulate the Investigating Committee to a bolder course than they would otherwise venture to take.

THE WISCONSIN PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

The Personal Liberty Law recently enacted by the Legislature of Wisconsin wil be found in our columns this week. So far as it may have the effect to embarrass the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, it will of course be useful, but it is far enough from being a proper assertion of the doctrine of State Sovereignty. It concedes, in fact, the constitutionality of slave-hunting, and only seeks to protect the rights of those who have never been held as slaves. If, on the one hand, it illustrates the growth of a right public sentiment in the new State, it serves, on the other, to demonstrate the utter hopelessness of any effort to resist the encroachments of slavery, so long as the Northern people maintain their allegiance to the blood-stained compact with the South. Our only hope is in disunion and treason. The anti-slavery spirit of Wisconsin, we are happy to find, is not satisfied with this statute. The Fon du Lac *Commonwealth* exposes its deficiencies with an unsparing hand. It says:

"Some of our cotemporaries throw up their caps as though some great thing had been accomplished; and if we felt like it, we should, no doubt, follow suit. Before doing so, we want to be perfectly sure that we are not grasping at a phantom. So far as the bill is designed and calculated to prevent and punish *kidnapping*, it is all right, and commendable. But as an act to prevent those who have really been *slaves* from arrest *as slaves*, if we read aright (and we have read carefully), the bill provides no such thing. It admits it, in fact, by stipulating what shall be deemed proof of the facts alleged. The testimony of two witnesses, who shall appear before the Court, and swear to the identity and the fact of the condition of the alleged slave, is sufficient to consign him back to bondage. The clause means this, or it means nothing. And for this, Bro. Booth calls on us to be *proud of Wisconsin!*

"We will wait a spell. We want to know whether he is any more willing to send a man back who *really* escaped than kidnap one who has been free all his days? We hear the echo from that old jail door it is said he helped to batter down, No! Why, then, in the name of common sense, admit the remotest inference into the law that a case can be made out for the slaveholder at all? Further: Why insult the majesty of real Law by putting a man on trial for his liberty at all, if he is unaccused of crime? With persons who have manhood full-developed within them, and a heart Christian enough to believe that human rights are unalienable, the point whether a man, free from *crime* or *alleged crime*, should be a slave, is not a debatable question. Will Mr. Booth thank any government for a Personal Liberty bill which allows commissioned officers to enter his home, and take his wife, guiltless of any alleged crime, and submit to the decision, it may be, of twelve blockheads, who say she shall never return? No!—ten thousand times! It is simply the business of no government or jury to do any such work.

"A jury trial, for either criminals or alleged criminals, is a glorious right. We prize it, we trust, as we should. But a jury trial to determine whether we should be a free man is another thing altogether. A government that grants it concedes that we may be enslaved. Else why try the case?

"If the Court is *not* endowed with power to return a slave, then there is no question at issue, and the judge might as well be rendering judgment against the inhabitants of the moon. If the Court *is* endowed with power to send a person, proved to have been a slave, back to chains, then God save Wisconsin from her guilt in volunteering such facilities to capture the bravest men that honour their race.

"There is an infinite amount of fog enveloping the public mind and conscience, in relation to this jury trial business, that will be wafted away by the pure breezes of Liberty, just so fast as men learn to distinguish the right to liberty from the right to property, and to a fair trial when accused of crime. A man is accused of crime: it is a precious right to have his guilt or innocence passed upon by twelve judicious men. He is charged with having property in his possession unlawfully and really belonging to another: to determine this point, a jury trial is invaluable. But why? Because there is a real question at issue. He may—for men do—have obtained possession of his property fraudulently. He may have committed a crime, for that is human. But let him be charged with being a slave, and his whole being rises up in wild rebellion against the blasphemous allegation. He *knows* that freedom is his priceless, inalienable birthright, and the decision of twelve men can add nothing to the strength of his conviction on that point, while the verdict of the same number of scoundrels, or, to be more charitable, of thick-skulled men who don't know *real* law from the acts of a corrupt government, *may* consign him to chains. Therefore we would run no such risks. There is no government or machinery of government on the face of God's foot-stool that has a right to put or keep a man in the condition of a slave. Hence we would not put a man upon trial for his liberty before a jury; for if the assembled world was the jury, and all unanimous that he should be a slave, we would honour him if he had the power, and would use it, to sink his enslavers to the lowest depths of the nether pit, and demand his rights—Ethan Allen like—in the name of God Almighty and the everlasting fitness of things.

"We acknowledge no kind of a Fugitive Slave act, that ever was, or ever can be framed, to have any claims upon us. Sending persons back to bondage, either by State or National instrumentalities, we look upon as equally despotic, and we would dabble in a brother's blood as soon as we would obey either.

"It should be made a penal offence for any State officer to be instrumental in bringing or entertaining a suit to try the point whether a man was a slave or not. If the Fugitive Slave act is unconstitutional—and it is so adjudged by the highest authority of the State—the logical necessity of this decision is, that State officials should have no more to do with it than they have with legislating in regard to the rise and fall of the tide.

"We grant nine-tenths of the bill seems to have a soul in it, and the strong probabilities are that slave-catching will not be a very lucrative business in Wisconsin. More thanks, however, for this, to the public opinion of the State than to any efficacy of this bill to prevent it. We conclude, then, for the purpose of securing rights to one who has really escaped, the Bill is not worth a groat. Follow the suits provided for, and the appeal to be taken, and the end will be, the slave will be given up, according to the act, and he will go back to bondage, unless the people rise up and rescue him. And then, with an inconsistency slightly astounding, the bill itself invites such a state of things, by providing that any violation of the Fugitive Slave act shall not be punished. It provides for trying the slave, and, if he is decreed to be the property of another, it then says to the people of the State, rescue him, and your persons and property shall be saved harmless by the sovereign power of the State.

"The first trial under this bill that takes place in the precise form provided, if there is a real fugitive on trial, and reliable witnesses in attendance, will show the people that our great Republican party has either placed a shadow upon the statute book, or worse, a bungling Fugitive Slave act. For the good in it we are thankful. The concessions in it we despise."

The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* coincides mainly with the views of its Fon du Lac neighbour, and says:

"The 11th section of the Bill is a complete nullification of the Fugitive Slave act, and is a long way ahead of any State or National legislation in behalf of Freedom for the last half century. For this we are profoundly thankful. It is a step in the right direction. Had we a real, live, intelligent Republican party in Wisconsin, the State would declare that whoever trod its soil and claimed its protection, guiltless of crime, should be *free*. But a large number of Republicans, even in the Legislature, like the blind man but half restored to sight, only 'see men as trees walking.' They believe in nigger-catching after some fashion, and in the constitutionality of slavery. They will learn better after awhile—we trust before it is too late. Let us, then, take courage from the passage of this bill, and hope for better things hereafter. We do not believe a single slave will ever be returned under it, and that our citizens will find protection under it from the decrees of the greatest judicial tyrant that has ever cursed the home of Freemen."

The eleventh section of the law was, of course, intended to protect the property of Mr. Booth, the editor of the paper last quoted, whose steam engine and press had been attached upon a judgment obtained against him, in the United States District Court, by Garland, the slave-catcher, who sued for the value of his lost chattel. The articles attached were sold by a Deputy United States Marshal, on the 24th ult., when Mr. Booth resorted to the new statute for his defence. The case brings the State of Wisconsin in direct conflict with the United States, and the issue is one of very great importance. We are, therefore, interested in watching every step that may be taken on either side, and, that our readers may see just what has occurred, we copy Mr. Booth's own account of the sale and what transpired in connection therewith.

From The Free Democrat of Feb. 24.

At 9 1-2 o'clock this morning, persons began to assemble at the press room to witness the sale of our steam press and engine, on an execution from Judge Miller's Court, to satisfy the claim of Benammi S. Garland for the loss of his alleged slave. By 10 o'clock some fifty persons were assembled, and soon after Marshal Ableman, Deputy Cogswell, and J. E. Arnold, Esq., attorney for Garland, made their appearance. Deputy Cogswell unrolled his parchment and gave notice that, by virtue of an execution, &c., he should proceed to sell the press and engine.

We gave notice that the property proposed to be sold was ours, and that, by virtue of a law of this State, a certified copy of which we held in our hand, the sale would be void.

Mr. Cogswell then offered the press for sale, and asked, who bids?

Mr. Arnold—I bid one hundred dollars.

Edwin Palmer—One hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Arnold, quickly—One hundred and fifty dollars.

No more bids, and, after calling on the by-standers in vain for another bid, it was struck off to Mr. Arnold, for B. S. Garland.

They then proceeded to the engine room, when Mr. Cogswell offered the engine for sale.

Mr. Arnold—I bid twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Cogswell, after crying in vain for a higher bid, asked—Is that all that is bid for a steam engine?

John Rycraft.—We don't bid for catching niggers. Why don't *you* bid?

No more bids, and the engine was struck off to Mr. Arnold, for B. S. Garland, for twenty-five dollars, and the property was put into his possession formally by the Marshal.

Mr. Arnold then said he would give us till 12 o'clock to make such arrangements as we chose, and would then take our receipt for it. We then made the necessary affidavit, and got a writ of replevin from the Circuit Court, and put it in the hands of Sheriff Page, who procured two disinterested persons—Mr. A. H. Burdick, foreman of the *Sentinel*, and Mr. W. G. Roberts, foreman of the *Free Democrat*—to appraise the property. They returned the value of the press at $2,400 and the engine at $600.

Messrs. Cicero, Comstock and F. J. Blair gave bonds with us as sureties, in the sum of six thousand dollars, to the Sheriff, that we would deliver up the property in case the suit went against us.

Mr. Arnold was present at 12 o'clock, but waited till the papers were furnished. He asked us if we delivered up the property to him, or if he must get a writ of replevin from the U. S. District Court to enable him to take possession. We replied that we had exercised no control over it since he had bid it off.

Mr. Page then said he would settle the matter, and at once served the writ of replevin on Mr. Arnold, and put us again in possession of our own property.

Mr. Arnold said that ended his responsibility. He then said to us, that during the two or three hours that the press had been constructively in his possession, he had not used it, and that he supposed the first use we would put it to would be to give him "special Jessie."

We replied that we thought he ought to have a column for his own use, for the time he had held the press in his possession, and he replied that we might say so in the paper. And this ended the day's proceedings.

The fact that no citizen of Milwaukee was willing to bid for the engine and press, on his own account, would seem to indicate the general conviction that no valid title could pass in face of the new law. The slave-catcher himself is the purchaser, but how to get possession is the difficulty. We presume the State Courts will sustain the State law, in which case the United States will either have to employ force or back down.

REMONSTRANCE COMING FROM FRANCE.

We learn from the Paris correspondence of the *Evening Post* that on Thursday, Feb. 5th, at the Church of the Redemption in Paris, all the pastors, ministers and elders of the Protestant Churches in the city assembled to sign an address from the Protestant Evangelical French to the Protestant Evangelical Americans on the Abolition of Slavery. This address is to be sent to all the Protestant Churches of France, and will come back covered with signatures, when it will be immediately forwarded to the United States through some appropriate channel. The correspondent of the *Post* gives the following extract from the address:

"Brethren, we have a word to address to you too long delayed, and which weighs upon our conscience. It is the burning question which presents itself to us each time we turn our eyes to the other side of the Atlantic—a question to which recent events have attracted the attention of all Europe, and which touches so nearly the honour of Protestantism that we dare not forbear to speak of it. Slavery! has it need of the name? This is the subject upon which we would open our hearts to-day. There is not a Christian who can reconcile with the law of love and sanctity the possession of man by man, the sale in a market of immortal creatures, the barbarous rupture of family ties, the suppression of marriage and the inevitable increase of immoral relations. Believe us, we feel for you, for your honour, and for your country, a Christian jealousy. Your trials are our trials, and your success will be our success; we desire to know you great and honoured. How much of true liberty, how many beautiful examples, generous intentions, Christian works, vanish before this public shame, this immense public shame, American Slavery! And now, brethren, we trust it is not in vain that we open our hearts to you to-day. Doubly connected with you as Christians and as Frenchmen, we shall be deceived if you do not give ear to a voice whose sincerity cannot be suspected. Have we been too presuming in believing that this unanimous appeal of the churches, your sisters, will not be uselessly placed in the balance where, in our day, American Christianity is weighed?"

Northern Emigration to Virginia.—We publish in another column a notice of Hon. Eli Thayer's project for overcoming slavery in Virginia by means of Northern emigration. We are assured that this project is seriously entertained, and that steps are now being taken to carry it into effect. The Richmond *Whig* grows terribly indignant in contemplation of such an impudent interference with the right of the Old Dominion to breed human beings for the market, but the Norfolk *Argus* treats the matter more rationally. Here is what it says:

"While we do not admit Virginia's need of relief, resuscitation and regeneration, we are prepared to welcome to her genial soil all good people who are disposed to respect her laws and institutions. And our State now offers opportunities to persons disposed to come into it more favourable than they can meet with elsewhere. The west teems with mineral productions which would give wealth to the industrious who would engage in the work of bringing them to market, and the east abounds in land ready for the plough, which a judicious mode of cultivation would make as profitable as the fertile soil of any of our sister States. Many of our citizens remember when the County of Princess Anne was famous for its substantial farmers, at whose hospitable mansions they have often feasted on luxuries beyond the reach of mere wealth. The fish and oysters taken from the waters before their doors, the poultry fattened by their tidy wives, were part and parcel of the manor, a fixture in the freehold. The small fat reed fed beeves of Princess Anne were the delight of the epicure less than half a century ago, and Princess Anne mutton had a reputation equal to that of Southdown, and a flavour superior to it. The accursed love of gold and the worse love of extravagant pleasures have driven from the homes of their fathers the sons of those worthy sires who had but a few years since made Princess Anne County a paradise.

"But though the sires are dead and the sons removed, the generous soil remains, and the fish and oysters are still there. All that is wanted are people of the like industry and purity of those who in former days occupied the beautiful farms on the bay side, and which can now be purchased at prices far, very far, below their value. The rumours of the unhealthiness of Princess Anne are false. The farmers of olden times reached a good old age and enjoyed excellent health. They drank good wine, and toddy made of Simon Pure rum and genuine French brandy. Their successors have been poisoned by the doctored liquors supplied by the North and East. They lived too fast and suffered the consequences. The life insurances of our country could not have safer risk than on the lives of sober, industrious Princess Anne farmers."

The Suffrage Question was brought to a vote in the New York Senate on Wednesday the 4th inst. The result is thus stated by the *Evening Journal*:

The World Moves.—A most significant vote was taken in the Senate on Wednesday evening. A resolution to amend the Constitution so as to allow coloured men to vote without a property qualification, having been introduced, the enemies of Equal Rights, under the lead of Senator Brooks, sought to defeat it by indirection. Various embarrassing amendments were offered. One proposed to exclude all who are unable to read the Constitution from the right of suffrage. It received *eight* votes. Another provided for additional restrictions upon naturalized citizens. This was also voted down, receiving only *eleven* votes.

After an interesting discussion, the vote was taken on the original resolution, allowing coloured men the right of suffrage on the same terms as are prescribed for other men, with the following result: [Republicans in Roman, Americans in SMALL CAPS, Democrats in *Italics*.]

AYES—Messrs. Bellinger, Bradford, Cuyler, Darling, FERDON, HARCOURT, HOTCHKISS, Huntington, Lee, Madden, Noxon, Paterson, Ramsey, Richardson, Rider, C. P. Smith, *Spencer*, SWEET, Towne, Upham—21.

NAYS—Messrs. BROOKS, HILLE, *Kelly*, A. M. SMITH, *Wadsworth*—5.

Mr. Spencer, President pro tem. was the only Democrat who voted aye. Messrs. Wadsworth and Kelly, Democrats, voted with Brooks. Messrs. *Sickels*, NICHOLS, J. A. SMITH, Halsted (sick) and Petty, were absent or dodged. Senator Wadsworth spoke in *favour* of the amendment and voted *against* it. This righteous reform could not, ten years ago, have received five votes in the Senate, where it now obtains *twenty-one*. A marvellous change!

Convention at Poughkeepsie.—We invite the attention of our friends in Dutchess County to the announcement, in another place, of several anti-slavery meetings, soon to be held in that County, and especially to the notice of a Convention to be held in Poughkeepsie, on the 24th and 25th inst., at which Mr. Garrison is expected to be present. Poughkeepsie, we suppose, is a very hunkerish, pro-slavery place. The gospel of anti-slavery has rarely been proclaimed there in its fulness, and very few of the people, probably, understand it; but there is some honest anti-slavery sentiment there, which we hope to touch and invigorate. Susan B. Anthony, Aaron M. Powell and Oliver Johnson are engaged to be present. Of Mr. Garrison's attendance we have a strong hope, founded upon the following statement of Mr. Powell in a letter now before us. "Mr. Garrison promises, according to a letter which reached me last evening from Samuel May, Jr., to attend the Poughkeepsie Convention, unless (possibly) prevented by the serious illness of a very dear relative." We hope our friends in Dutchess County will rally at this Convention in their full strength. If they are few in number, there is the greater need that they should come together for mutual consultation and encouragement.

Lucy Stone will speak on Woman's Rights at the Athenæum, in Brooklyn, on Monday evening next. Her friends in New York will probably cross the river in considerable numbers to hear her.

Charles Sumner embarked for France, in the steamer Fulton, at this port, on Saturday last. On the previous evening he met a company of his friends at the residence of John Jay, Esq., in Fifth avenue, where formal addresses were made to him by Mr. McCormick and Mr. Manierre, in behalf of the Republican organizations of the city, to which he replied in fitting terms. A crowd gathered on the wharf to witness his departure, and, as the steamer moved off, they greeted him with hearty applause. The excitement consequent upon his return to Washington and the reception of his friends in this city, who were anxious to see him and bid him adieu, had a very perceptible effect upon his health, but it is to be hoped that he may find in the voyage across the ocean and in rest from all mental agitation the means of complete restoration.

Pennsylvania Female College.—We have received from Prof. Sunderland, the Principal, the quintennial catalogue of this institution for the five years ending with 1856. The whole number of students who have been connected with the College is 463, of whom 27 have been admitted to the Baccalaureate Degree, and 4 to the Degree of A. M. The institution is in a very pleasant location (Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery County), and has an accomplished board of instructors. It is organized in three departments, viz.—Academic, Collegiate and Ornamental, and provided with a very respectable Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus. Few of the educational institutions of Pennsylvania combine greater advantages, and no one, perhaps, has been more successful. See advertisement in another column.

The President's Cabinet.—Mr. Buchanan, after unusual hesitation and delay, finally nominated his Cabinet, as follows:

Secretary of State	LEWIS CASS, of Michigan.
Secretary of Treasury	HOWELL COBB, of Georgia.
Secretary of War	JOHN B. FLOYD, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy	ISAAC TOUCEY, of Conn.
Secretary of the Interior	JACOB THOMPSON, of Miss.
Attorney-General	Judge BLACK, of Pennsylvania.
Postmaster-General	AARON V. BROWN, of Tenn.

The Senate, of course, confirmed the nominations. The Cabinet, as thus constituted, is generally regarded as a weak one. Howell Cobb is by far the ablest man on the list.

"J. A. H.," in a note to *The Liberator*, expresses a hope in which we heartily join, viz.: "I hope all of our Disunion friends who were induced, at the last election, to vote 'this once,' in the delusive expectation that a great gain to the cause of the slave would be secured in the triumph of the Republican party and the election of John C. Fremont, will specially notice the remarks of S. J. May (under whose influence many of them were induced to vote) at the Rochester Convention, that he is *now glad* that that party (the Republican, for whom he voted) *did not succeed*."

Hopedale Home School.—We take pleasure in commending to the notice of our readers the advertisement of this school in another column. Knowing Mr. and Mrs. Haywood well, we do not hesitate to express our entire confidence in their qualifications as teachers, and our belief that children confided to their care will be instructed and guided with conscientious fidelity. Parents who must send their children away from home for instruction can hardly find a place where they would be exposed to fewer temptations than at Hopedale.

Convention at Milton.—Our friends in Milton will see that an Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held in that place on Saturday and Sunday next. Susan B. Anthony of Rochester, Aaron M. Powell of Columbia Co., and Oliver Johnson of New York will be present on the occasion, and it is hoped that the Milton friends will do all in their power to secure a large attendance. They will, of course, determine the place and times for the Convention to meet, and make all other needful arrangements.

New Hampshire.—The election in this State, on Tuesday last, resulted in the complete triumph of the Republican party. Haile is elected Governor by about 3,000 majority, all the Republican candidates for Congress are chosen, and the new Legislature, in both branches, is stiffly Republican.

Summary.

The draft of the Farewell Address of Washington has been stolen from the State Department at Washington.

Loss of a Manuscript.—Rev. Theodore Parker has lost the manuscript of his sermon on Franklin. On the margin were notes of great value.

Accident to Rev. Mr. Pierpont.—Rev. John Pierpont was recently injured on the Oswego and Syracuse Railroad, so that he is detained for recovery. He was severely bruised on the shoulders and left side.

The Three Ruling Powers of the Day.—At a late public meeting, the following "dry" *toast* was given. The author will give "buttered" when he reaches home:

"*The Press, the Pulpit and Petticoats*—The three Ruling Powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads considerably."

Tom Thumb.—"General" Tom Thumb, notwithstanding all the pains taken to puff him off, does not draw, and he condescends to exhibit himself at taverns and casinos. The Lord Mayor has given orders that his carriage shall not be allowed to come through Temple-bar, because it creates crowds and confusion.

Rev. Henry Wood, who discovered and certified the temperance and religion of Franklin Pierce when candidate for the Presidency, and became consul to Beirut, Syria, where he has also discovered the tower of Babel, writes to the *Journal of Commerce* in deprecation of the secularization of the clergy! Oh, Chadband!

Hon. J. R. Giddings.—We had the pleasure of taking this noble old veteran by the hand last week. He came to our village to visit his daughter, who is a student of Antioch College. He has nearly recovered from his late attack, and is looking remarkably well. Long may he be spared to battle bravely for the right, as in times past, in the halls of Congress.—*Free Presbyterian, Yellow Springs, Ohio.*

Ten thousand copies of the Emancipation speech delivered in the Missouri Legislature, while that question was pending, by Hon. B. G. Brown, member from St. Louis, have already been circulated in that State, and the supply falls far short of the demand. Mr. Brown is comparatively a young man, having graduated at Yale College in the class of 1847. He is editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*.

Patrick Henry.—The grave of Patrick Henry is in Milton, North Carolina. Until recently no stone has marked his resting place, Virginia having promised to erect a monument over it. A plain white slab has recently been erected over it, with the following inscription:

"To the Memory of Patrick Henry, born May 29th, 1736; died June 7th, 1779. His fame is his best epitaph."

Two Days in a Coffin, Alive.—Mr. T. R. Butler, a Georgia timber dealer, went to Savannah, a short time since, to sell timber, and was taken sick, and, it was thought, died. His remains were deposited in a coffin and sent home. On opening the coffin after its arrival, he was discovered to smile. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and it is said that he is fast recovering. He was in his coffin nearly two days!—*N. O. Picayune.*

The morning papers have the following despatch from Washington:

"Ex-President Pierce was presented to-day with a splendid service of silver plate, the gift of citizens of Savannah. Mr. Toombs made the presentation speech."

The telegraph does not state the number of pieces, but we take it for granted the people of Savannah would never offer Mr. Pierce less than *thirty.—Evening Post.*

An Apostate.—When Dr. Bailey left the *Philanthropist* and established the *Era*, his successor in Cincinnati was Stanley Mathews, a young lawyer, formerly of Kentucky, or one of the other slave States. For a time Mr. Mathews seemed in a very progressive mood and gave promise of becoming one of the most fanatical and ultra reformers. But finally he relapsed into hunker Democracy, and for several years has been an office-holder, and, of course, an active supporter of all the the outrageous pro-slaveryism of that party.

Woman's Rights in Massachusetts.—The Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to whom was referred the petition of the National Woman's Rights Convention gave a public hearing to the advocates of the petitioners, in the hall of the House of Representatives, on the 6th inst. A large audience assembled on the occasion. The Committee was ably addressed by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips and Mrs. Lucy Stone. The speaker last named, says the Boston *Telegraph*, "completely captivated the audience with her remarks, and was frequently interrupted with applause as she made some good hits at the other sex. She spoke with great ease and fluency and her speech contained some very eloquent passages."

Characteristic Violence.—Col. Lee, a Clerk in the Patent Office, while in attendance at one of the last of President Pierce's levees, charged a Mr. Hume, from Alexandria, with attempting to pick his pocket. High words were bandied between the parties on the spot, Hume indignantly denying the charge. The next morning Hume went to Col. Lee's room at the Patent Office and demanded of him a retraction, which the latter refused. Hume thereupon struck him with a stick, when Col. Lee drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot. Hume was the man who went to Boston to reclaim Anthony Burns. Lee was formerly a manager of the Alexandria race course and a noted cock-fighter, and when he grew seedy, like other Virginians, sought refuge in a federal office at Washington.

Trouble in Liberia.—Letters, received by the way of England, mention a serious difficulty at Cape Palmas, Africa, between the American colonists and the natives. The cause of the outbreak is not given, but considerable property had been destroyed, including two large native villages situated on the verge of the Cape, and several dwelling-houses belonging to the colonists. Of the colonists only one death is mentioned. The natives lost several. It is also stated that Mount Vaughn mission station, with its school-houses, was destroyed. These belonged to the Protestant Episcopal mission, under Bishop Payne. Cape Palmas colony was founded by Dr. James Hall, of Baltimore, and that gentleman sailed for Africa a few weeks since, in the packet ship Mary Caroline Stevens.

New England Female Medical College.—The closing exercises of the ninth annual term took place at the College yesterday. The valedictory address was delivered by Prof. Rolfe; and the President, Dr. Fabyan, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon seven graduates—Mary Elizabeth Breed, of Lynn; Harriette Sophia Brigham, Bolton; Susan Richards Capen, Sharon; Frances Sprout Cooke, Taunton; Esther Hill Hawks, Manchester, N. H.; Anna Inman, Smithfield, R. I.; Elizabeth Ann Packard, North Bridgewater.

The Secretary, Dr. Gregory, gave a historical sketch of the College, now in the ninth year of its existence. Interesting remarks were then made by Dexter S. King, Esq., Rev. Geo. Hill, Lieut.-Gov. Benchley; and the exercises were closed with remarks and prayer by Rev. Hubbard Winslow.—*Boston Telegraph.*

Congressional Manners.—On Saturday morning a gentleman and his wife took seats together in the Northern cars at Washington, but the gentleman was obliged to leave for a moment to look after his baggage. On his return, he found the Hon. Albert Rust, of Arkansas, sitting in his seat, to whom he explained that seat, and that it was his wife who occupied the place beside him. Mr. Rust refused to leave. The gentleman persisted urgently in claiming his seat, when then Hon. Member rose, and drew his bowie-knife. A fight seemed inevitable, but the general feeling manifested itself so strongly against Rust that he put up his knife and agreed to leave the seat, if permitted to retire with the honours of war. The lady was so frightened that she was barely saved from fainting. Rust left the cars at the Relay House, and went West.—*Tribune.*

Slavery and the Slave Trade in Cuba.—We have been favoured with the following extract from a private letter, written by a gentleman travelling in the island of Cuba, which shows the condition in which not only the slaves who are imported from the African coast, but also the whites living on the Island, are placed by the perpetuation of the "peculiar institution" and the continuance of the slave trade:

"Among the fresh arrivals on one estate where I have been, I was informed that the owner had lost some thirty negroes, just newly imported. This was owing to a man having informed upon him. A few days afterward the same man who had informed was found on the road with his ears cut off, his tongue cut out, his throat cut, and fifteen stabs in his body—this having been done by subscription for the purpose of frightening others from telling tales about negroes. While at one point in my travels, and that very recently, two cargoes of negroes arrived, each with about 450 of all ages, and the Spanish authorities winking at it, thus blindfolding the poor, simple and easily gulled English."—*Tribune.*

Mr. Greeley at the Wrong Place.—The Chicago *Journal* tells a good joke about Horace Greeley, which occurred during his recent lecturing tour through the West. It appears he had an appointment to lecture on a certain evening at Geneva, Wisconsin, and accordingly took a train from that city, we believe, "for Geneva." At Geneva he arrived, but his sensations can be better imagined than described when, after a fruitless inquiry for the lecture committee, he ascertained that no appointment for a lecture had been made there, and that nobody knew anything about it. The matter was soon explained to his satisfaction, when he was informed that there were two Genevas in ths North-West—one in Wisconsin and the other in Illinois—and that he was in the latter, while the former was the place he designed to visit! They say for once Horace looked *astonished!* The good people of the Illinois Geneva, however, soon ascertained who their visitor was, and were not long in making arrangements for a lecture; and notwithstanding his blunder, he lectured "at Geneva," on the evening on which he engaged to lecture "at Geneva," and to a crowded house.

The Rat Poisoning Affair—Death of one of the Victims.—The editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, writing from Washington, on the 1st inst., says:

"The great wholesale poisoning case excites much interest here. The National, the largest hotel in the city, being overrun with rats, the proprietors undertook a general slaughter by poisoning them with strychnine. They took the poison and then took to the nearest water, which was in the cistern tanks and wells about the house, where they tumbled in and died of course. The water, being concealed and raised by pumps, did not expose the condition of things till, by its daily use, some hundred or more of the boarders were suddenly taken sick; doctors were called, and a health officer sent for, who were not long in discerning the cause. On removing the covering to the big cistern, it presented the most sickening sight ever seen. It was literally packed with the dead bodies of poisoned rats.

"Mr. Lenox, from our State, was a guest at the house at the time, was taken sick, started for home and died on the way. No other deaths have been heard of, but many of the boarders are still very sick. Mr. Buchanan was also stopping at the house and has not yet fully recovered from its effects. The tanks have been thoroughly cleansed."

Mr. Garrison and his Native Place.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Newburyport under date of Feb. 27th, says:

"Wm. Lloyd Garrison is engaged to deliver the closing lecture before the Newburyport Lyceum. The announcement of the fact has created quite a commotion among the old fogies. The result of this commotion will prove the same as in the case of Theodore Parker at Manchester. It is strange how easily the prejudices of mankind are sometimes disturbed. How far the prejudices against Mr. Garrison may extend, I cannot now say. No 'protest' has yet appeared, but there is no telling what a day may bring forth. It seems very fitting that Mr. Garrison, whose name is a household word, not

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. THE SALE OF PORTHGENNA TOWER.

"How charming! how pastoral! how exquisitely soothing to the nerves!" said Mr. Phippen, sentimentally surveying the lawn at the back of the vicarage-house, under the shadow of the lightest umbrella he could pick out in the hall. "Three years have passed, Chennery—three suffering years for me, but we need not dwell on that—since I last stood on this lawn. There is the window of your old study, where I had that attack of heartburn last time—in the strawberry season; don't you remember? Ah! and there is the school-room! Shall I ever forget dear Miss Sturch coming to me out of that room—a ministering angel—with soda and ginger—so comforting, so sweetly anxious about stirring it up, so unaffectedly grieved that there was no sal-volatile in the house! I do so enjoy these pleasant recollections, Chennery; they are as great a luxury to me as your cigar is to you. Could you walk on the other side, my dear fellow? I like the smell, but the smoke is a little too much for me. Thank you. And now about the story—the curious story? What was the name of the old place—I am so interested in it—it began with a P, surely?"

"Porthgenna Tower," said the vicar.

"Exactly," rejoined Mr. Phippen, shifting his umbrella tenderly from one shoulder to the other. "And what in the world made Captain Treverton sell Porthgenna Tower?"

"I believe the reason was that he could not endure the place after the death of his wife," answered Doctor Chennery. "The estate, you know, has never been entailed; so the Captain had no difficulty in parting with it, except, of course, the difficulty of finding a purchaser."

"Why not his brother?" asked Mr. Phippen. "Why not our eccentric friend, Andrew Treverton?"

"Don't call him my friend," said the vicar. "A mean, grovelling, cynical, selfish old wretch! It's no use shaking your head, Phippen, and trying to look shocked. I know Andrew Treverton's early history as well as you do. I know that he was treated with the basest ingratitude and villany, by a college friend, who took all he had to give, and swindled him at last in the grossest manner. I know all about that. But one instance of ingratitude does not justify a man in shutting himself up from society, and railing against all mankind as a disgrace to the earth they walk on. I myself have heard the old brute say that the greatest benefactor to our generation would be a second Herod, who could prevent another generation from succeeding it. Ought a man who can talk in that way to be the friend of any human being with the slightest respect for his species or himself?"

"My friend!" said Mr. Phippen, catching the vicar by the arm, and mysteriously lowering his voice, "my dear and reverend friend! I admire your honest indignation against the utterer of that exceedingly misanthropical sentiment; but—I confide this to you, Chennery, in the strictest secresy—there are moments—morning moments generally—when my digestion is in such a state, that I have actually agreed with that annihilating person, Andrew Treverton! I have woke up with my tongue like a cinder—I have crawled up to the glass and looked at it—and I have said to myself, Let there be an end of the human race rather than a continuance of this!"

"Poor! pooh!" cried the vicar, receiving Mr. Phippen's confession with a burst of irreverent laughter. "Take a glass of cool small beer next time your tongue is in that state, and you will pray for the brewing part of the human race, at any rate. But let us go back to Porthgenna Tower, or I shall never get on with my story. When Captain Treverton had once made up his mind to sell the place, I have no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would have thought of offering it to his brother (who inherited his mother's fortune, you know), with a view, of course, to keeping the estate in the family. Not that Andrew would have been much good in that way, for a more confirmed old bachelor never existed. However, as things were at that time (and are still, I am sorry to say), the Captain could make no personal offers of any kind to Andrew—for the two were not then, and are not now, on speaking or even on writing terms. It is a shocking thing to say, but the worst quarrel of the kind I ever heard of, is the quarrel between those two brothers."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, opening his camp-stool, which had hitherto hung, dangling by its silken tassel on the hooked handle of the umbrella. "May I sit down before you go any further? I am getting a little excited about this part of the story, and I dare not fatigue myself. Pray go on. I don't think the legs of my camp-stool will make holes in the lawn. I am so light—a mere skeleton, in fact. Do go on!"

"You must have heard," pursued the vicar, "that Captain Treverton, when he was advanced in life, married an actress—rather a violent temper, I believe; but a person of spotless character, and as fond of her husband as a woman could be; therefore, according to my view of it, a very good wife for him to marry. However, the Captain's friends, of course, made the usual senseless outcry, and the Captain's brother, as the only near relation, took it on him to attempt breaking off the marriage in the most offensively indelicate way. Failing in that, and hating the poor woman like poison, he left his brother's house, saying, among many other savage speeches, one infamous thing about the bride, which—which upon my honour, Phippen, I am ashamed to repeat. Whatever the words were, they were unluckily carried to Mrs. Treverton's ears, and they were of the kind that no woman—let alone a quick-tempered woman like the Captain's wife—ever forgives. An interview followed between the two brothers—and it led, as you may easily imagine, to very unhappy results. They parted in the most deplorable manner. The Captain declared, in the heat of his passion, that Andrew had never had one generous impulse in his heart since he was born, and that he would die without one kind feeling towards any living soul in the world. Andrew replied, that if he had no heart, he had a memory, and that he should remember those farewell words as long as he lived. So they separated. Twice afterwards the Captain made overtures of reconciliation. The first time, when his daughter Rosamond was born; the second time, when Mrs. Treverton died. On each occasion the elder brother wrote to say that if the younger would retract the atrocious words he had spoken against his sister-in-law, every atonement should be offered to him for the harsh language which the Captain had used, in the hastiness of anger, when they last met. No answer was received from Andrew to either letter; and the estrangement between the two brothers has continued to the present time. You understand now why Captain Treverton could not privately consult Andrew's inclinations, before he publicly announced his intention of parting with Porthgenna Tower?"

Although Mr. Phippen declared, in answer to this appeal, that he understood perfectly, and although he begged with the utmost politeness that the vicar would go on, his attention seemed, for the moment, to be entirely absorbed in inspecting the legs of his camp-stool, and in ascertaining what impression they made on the vicarage lawn. Doctor Chennery's own interest, however, in the circumstances that he was relating, seemed sufficiently strong to make up for any transient lapse of attention on the part of his guest. After a few vigorous puffs at his cigar (which had been several times in imminent danger of going out while he was speaking), he went on with his narrative in these words:

"Well, the house, the estate, the mine, and the fisheries of Porthgenna were all publicly put up for sale; a few months after Mrs. Treverton's death; but no offers were made for the property which it was possible to accept. The ruinous state of the house, the bad cultivation of the land, legal difficulties in connection with the mine, and quarter-day difficulties in the collection of the rents, all contributed to make Porthgenna what the auctioneers would call a bad lot to dispose of. Failing to sell the place, Captain Treverton could not be prevailed on to change his mind, and live there again. The death of his wife almost broke his heart—for he was, by all accounts, just as fond of her as she had been of him—and the very sight of the place that was associated with the greatest affliction of his life became hateful to him. He removed, with his little girl and a relative of Mrs. Treverton, who was her governess, to our neighbourhood, and rented a pretty little cottage, across the church fields, near that large house which you must have observed with the high-walled garden, close to the London road. The house was inhabited at that time by Leonard Frankland's father and mother. The new neighbours soon became intimate; and thus it happened that the couple whom I have been marrying this morning were brought up together as children, and fell in love with each other, almost before they were out of their pinafores."

"Chennery, my dear fellow, I don't look as if I was sitting all on one side, do I?" cried Mr. Phippen, suddenly breaking into the vicar's narrative, with a look of alarm. "I am shocked to interrupt you; but, surely, your grass is amazingly soft in this part of the country. One of my camp-stool legs is getting shorter and shorter every moment. I'm drilling a hole! I'm toppling over! Gracious Heavens! I feel myself going—I shall be down, Chennery; upon my life, I shall be down!"

"Stuff!" cried the vicar, pulling up, first Mr. Phippen and then Mr. Phippen's camp-stool, which had rooted itself into the grass, all on one side. "Here! come on to the gravel-walk; you can't drill holes in that. What's the matter now?"

"Palpitations," said Mr. Phippen, dropping his umbrella, and placing his hand over his heart; "and bile. I see those black spots again—those infernal, lively, black spots, dancing before my eye. Chennery, suppose you consult some agricultural friend about the quality of your grass. Take my word for it, your lawn is softer than it ought to be. Lawn!" repeated Mr. Phippen to himself, contemptuously, as he turned round to pick up his umbrella. "It isn't a lawn—it's a bog!"

"There, sit down," said the vicar, "and don't pay the palpitation and the black spots the compliment of bestowing the smallest attention on them. Do you want anything to drink? Shall it be physic, or beer, or what?"

"No, no! I am so unwilling to give trouble," answered Mr. Phippen. "I would rather suffer—rather, a great deal. I think if you would go on with your story, Chennery, it would compose me. I have not the faintest idea of what led to it, but I think you were saying something interesting on the subject of pinafores!"

"Nonsense!" said Doctor Chennery. "I was only telling you of the fondness between the two children who have now grown up to be man and wife. And I was going on to tell you that Captain Treverton, shortly after he settled in our neighbourhood, took to the active practice of his profession again. Nothing else seemed to fill up the gap that the loss of Mrs. Treverton had made in his life. Having good interest with the Admiralty, he can always get a ship when he applies for one; and up to the present time, with intervals on shore, he has resolutely stuck to the sea—though he is getting, as his daughter and his friends think, rather too old for it now. Don't look puzzled, Phippen; I am not going so wide of the mark as you think. These are some of the necessary particulars that must be stated first. And now they are comfortably disposed of, I can get round at last to the main part of my story—the sale of Porthgenna Tower. What is it now? Do you want to get up again?"

Yes, Mr. Phippen did want to get up again; being of opinion that his best chance of composing the palpitations and dispersing the black spots lay in trying the experiment of a little gentle walking exercise. He was most unwilling to occasion any trouble, but would his worthy friend Chennery, before proceeding with this intensely interesting story, give him an arm, and carry the camp-stool, and walk slowly in the direction of the schoolroom window, so as to keep Miss Sturch within easy hailing distance, in case it became necessary to try the last resource of taking a composing draught? The vicar, whose inexhaustible good nature was proof against every trial that Mr. Phippen's dyspeptic infirmities could inflict on it, complied with all these requests, and went on with his story, unconsciously adopting the tone and manner of a good-humoured parent who was doing his best to soothe the temper of a fretful child.

"I told you," he said, "that the elder Mr. Frankland and Captain Treverton were near neighbours here. They had not been long acquainted before the one found out from the other that Porthgenna Tower was for sale. On first hearing this, old Frankland asked a few questions about the place, but said not a word on the subject of purchasing it. Soon after that, the Captain got a ship and went to sea. During his absence, old Frankland privately set off for Cornwall, to look at the estate, and to find out all he could about its advantages and defects from the persons left in charge of the house and lands. He said nothing when he came back, until Captain Treverton returned from his first cruise; and then the old gentleman spoke out one morning, in his quiet, decided way.

"'Treverton,' said he, 'if you will sell Porthgenna Tower at the price at which you bought it in, when you tried to dispose of it by auction, write to your lawyer, and tell him to take the title-deeds to mine, and ask for the purchase-money.'

"Captain Treverton was naturally a little astonished at the readiness of this offer; but people, like myself, who knew old Frankland's history, were not so surprised. His fortune had been made by trade, and he was foolish enough to be always a little ashamed of acknowledging that one simple and creditable fact. The truth was, that his ancestors had been landed gentry of importance, before the time of the Civil War, and the old gentleman's great ambition was to sink the merchant in the landed grandee, and to leave his son to succeed him in the character of a Squire of large estate and great county influence. He was willing to devote half his fortune to accomplish this great scheme; but half his fortune would not buy him such an estate as he wanted, in an important agricultural county like ours. Rents are high, and land is made the most of with us. An estate as extensive as the estate of Porthgenna would fetch more than double the money which Captain Treverton could venture to ask for it, if it was situated in these parts. Old Frankland was well aware of that fact, and attached all possible importance to it. Besides, there was something in the feudal look of Porthgenna Tower, and in the right over the mine and fisheries, which the purchase of the estate included, that flattered his notions of restoring the family greatness. Here, he and his son after him could lord it, as he thought, on a large scale, and direct at their sovereign will and pleasure the industry of hundreds of poor people, scattered along the coast, or huddled together in the little villages inland. This was a tempting prospect, and it could be secured for forty thousand pounds—which was just ten thousand pounds less than he had made up his mind to give, when he first determined to metamorphose himself from a plain merchant into a magnificent landed gentleman. People who knew these facts were, as I have said, not much surprised at Mr. Frankland's readiness to purchase Porthgenna Tower; and Captain Treverton, it is hardly necessary to say, was not long in clenching the bargain on his side. The estate changed hands; and away went old Frankland with a tail of wiseacres from London at his heels, to work the mine and the fisheries on new scientific principles, and to beautify the old house from top to bottom with bran-new mediæval decorations, under the direction of a gentleman who was said to be an architect, but who looked, to my mind, the very image of a Popish priest in disguise. Wonderful plans and projects, were they not? And how do you think they succeeded?"

"Do tell me, my dear fellow!" was the answer that fell from Mr. Phippen's lips. "I wonder whether Miss Sturch keeps a bottle of camphor julep in the family medicine chest?" was the thought that passed through Mr. Phippen's mind.

"Tell you!" exclaimed the vicar. "Why, of course, every one of his plans turned out a dead failure. His Cornish tenantry received him as an interloper. The antiquity of his family made no impression upon them. It might be an old family, but it was not a Cornish family, and, therefore, it was of no importance in their eyes. They would have gone to the world's end for the Trevertons; but not a man of them would move a step out of his way for the Franklands. As for the mine, it seemed to be inspired with the same mutinous spirit that possessed the tenantry. The wiseacres from London, blasting in all directions on the profoundest scientific principles, brought about sixpennyworth of ore to the surface for every five pounds they spent in getting it up. The fisheries turned out little better. A new plan for curing pilchards, which was a marvel of economy in theory, proved to be a perfect phenomenon of extravagance in practice. The only item of luck in old Frankland's large sum of misfortunes was produced by his quarrelling in good time with the mediæval architect, who was like a Popish priest in disguise. This fortunate event saved the new owner of Porthgenna all the money he might otherwise have spent in restoring and re-decorating the whole suite of rooms on the north side of the house, which had been left to go to rack and ruin for more than fifty years past, and which remain in their old neglected condition to this day. To make a long story short, after uselessly spending more thousands of pounds at Porthgenna than I should like to reckon up, old Frankland gave in at last, left the place in disgust to the care of his steward, who was charged never to lay out another farthing on it, and returned to this neighbourhood. Being in high dudgeon, and happening to catch Captain Treverton on shore when he got back, the first thing he did was to abuse Porthgenna and all the people about it, a little too vehemently, in the Captain's presence. This led to a coolness between the two neighbours, which might have ended in the breaking off of all intercourse, but for the children on either side, who would see each other just as often as ever, and who ended, by dint of wilful persistency, in putting an end to the estrangement between their fathers, by making it look simply ridiculous. Here, in my opinion, lies the most curious part of the story. Important family interests depended on those two young people falling in love with each other; and, wonderful to relate, that (as you know, after my confession at breakfast-time) was exactly what they did. Here is a case of a most romantic love-match, which is also the marriage, of all others, that the parents on both sides had the strongest worldly interest in promoting. Shakspeare may say what he pleases, the course of true love does run smooth sometimes. Never was the marriage service performed to better purpose than when I read it this morning. The estate being entailed on Leonard, Captain Treverton's daughter now goes back, in the capacity of mistress, to the house and lands which her father sold. Rosamond being an only child, the purchase-money of Porthgenna, which old Frankland once lamented as money thrown away, will now, when the Captain dies, be the marriage-portion of young Frankland's wife. I don't know what you think of the beginning and middle of my story, Phippen, but the end ought to satisfy you, at any rate. Did you ever hear of a bride and bridegroom who started with fairer prospects in life than our bride and bridegroom of to-day?"

Before Mr. Phippen could make any reply, Miss Sturch put her head out of the schoolroom window: and seeing the two gentlemen approaching, beamed on them with her invariable smile. Then, addressing the vicar, said in her softest tones:

"I regret extremely to trouble you, sir, but I find Robert very intractable, this morning, with his multiplication table."

"Where does he stick now?" asked Doctor Chennery.

"At seven times eight, sir," replied Miss Sturch.

"Bob!" shouted the vicar through the window. "Seven times eight?"

"Forty-three," answered the whimpering voice of the invisible Bob.

"You shall have one more chance before I get my cane," said Doctor Chennery. "Now, then, look out! Seven times——"

"My dear, good friend," interposed Mr. Phippen, "if you cane that very unhappy boy, he will scream. My nerves have been tried once this morning by the camp-stool: I shall be totally shattered if I hear screams. Give me time to get out of the way, and allow me also to spare dear Miss Sturch the sad spectacle of correction (so shocking to sensibilities like hers) by asking her for a little camphor julep, and so giving her an excuse for getting out of the way like me. I think I could have done without the camphor julep under any other circumstances; but I ask for it unhesitatingly now, as much for Miss Sturch's sake as for the sake of my own poor nerves. Have you got camphor julep, Miss Sturch? Say yes, I beg and entreat, and give me an opportunity of escorting you out of the way of the screams."

While Miss Sturch—whose well-trained sensibilities were proof against the longest paternal caning and the loudest filial acknowledgment of it in the way of screams—tripped up-stairs to fetch the camphor julep, as smiling and self-possessed as ever, Master Bob, finding himself left alone with his sisters in the school-room, sidled up to the youngest of the two, produced from the pocket of his trousers three frowzy acidulated drops looking very much the worse for wear, and, attacking Miss Amelia on the weak or greedy side of her character, artfully offered the drops, in exchange for confidential information on the subject of seven times eight. "You like 'em?" whispered Bob. "Oh, don't I!" answered Amelia. "Seven times eight?" asked Bob. "Fifty-six," answered Amelia. "Sure?" said Bob. "Certain," said Amelia. The drops changed hands, and the catastrophe of the domestic drama changed with them. Just as Miss Sturch appeared with the camphor julep at the garden-door, in the character of medical Hebe to Mr. Phippen, her intractable pupil showed himself to his father at the school-room window, in the character, arithmetically speaking, of a reformed son. The cane reposed for the day; and Mr. Phippen drank his glass of camphor julep with a mind at ease on the twin-subjects of Miss Sturch's sensibilities and Master Bob's screams.

"Most gratifying in every way," said the Martyr to Dyspepsia, smacking his lips with great relish, as he drained the last drops out of the glass. "My nerves are spared, Miss Sturch's feelings are spared, and the dear boy's back is spared. You have no idea how relieved I feel Chennery. Whereabouts were we in that delightful story of yours when this little domestic interruption occurred?"

"At the end of it, to be sure," said the vicar. "The bride and bridegroom are some miles on their way, by this time, to spend the honeymoon at St. Swithin's-on-Sea. Captain Treverton is only left behind for a day. He received his sailing orders on Monday, and he will be off to Portsmouth to-morrow to take command of his ship. Though he won't admit it in plain words, I happen to know that Rosamond has persuaded him to make this his last cruise. She has a plan for getting him back to Porthgenna, to live there with her and her husband, which I hope and believe will succeed. The west rooms at the old house, in one of which Mrs. Treverton died, are not to be used at all by the young married couple. They have engaged a builder—a sensible, practical, man this time—to survey the neglected north rooms, with a view to their redecoration and thorough repair in every way. This part of the house cannot possibly be associated with any melancholy recollections in Captain Treverton's mind; for neither he nor any one else ever entered it during the period of his residence at Porthgenna. Considering the change in the look of the place which this project of repairing the north rooms is sure to produce, and taking into account also the softening effect of time on all painful recollections, I should say there was a fair prospect now of Captain Treverton's returning to pass the end of his days among his old tenantry. It will be a great chance for Leonard Frankland if he does, for he would be sure to dispose the people at Porthgenna kindly towards their new master. Introduced among his Cornish tenants under Captain Treverton's wing, Leonard is sure to get on well with them, provided he abstains from showing too much of the family pride which he has inherited from his father. He is a little given to over-rate the advantages of birth and the importance of rank—but that is really the only noticeable defect in his character. In all other respects, I can honestly say of him that he deserves what he has got—the best wife in the world. What a life of happiness, Phippen, seems to be awaiting those lucky young people! It is a bold thing to say of any moral creatures, but, look as far on as I may, not a cloud can I see anywhere in their future prospects."

"You excellent creature!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, affectionately squeezing the vicar's hand. "How I enjoy hearing you! how I luxuriate in your bright view of life!"

"And is it not the true view, especially in the case of young Frankland and his wife?" inquired the vicar.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Phippen, with a mournful smile, and a philosophic calmness of manner, "I can only answer that the direction of a man's speculative views depends, not to mince the matter, on the state of his secretions. Your biliary secretions, dear friend, are all right, and you take bright views. My biliary secretions are all wrong, and I take dark views. You look at the future prospects of this young married couple, and say there is no cloud over them. I don't dispute the assertion, not having the pleasure of knowing either bride or bridegroom. But I look up at the sky over our heads—I remember that there was not a cloud on it when we first entered the garden—I now see, just over those two trees growing so close together, a cloud that has appeared unexpectedly from nobody knows where—and I draw my own conclusions. Such," said Mr. Phippen, ascending the garden steps on his way into the house, "is my philosophy. It may be tinged with bile, but it is philosophy for all that."

"All the philosophy in the world," said the vicar, following his guest up the steps, "will not shake my conviction that Leonard Frankland and his wife have a happy future before them."

Mr. Phippen laughed, and, waiting on the steps till his host joined him, took Doctor Chennery's arm in the friendliest manner.

"You have told a charming story, Chennery," he said, "and you have ended it with a charming sentiment. But, my dear friend, though your healthy mind (influenced by an enviably easy digestion) despises my bilious philosophy, don't quite forget the cloud over the two trees. Look up at it now—it is getting darker and bigger already.—*Household Words.*

JOHN KENYON AND HIS POEMS.

THERE are those among our readers who knew Mr. Kenyon personally. There must be many more who have heard his name, as a genial man of letters and a graceful poet. More still must have seen the paragraph, which is going the round of the papers, and which has brought a grateful glow to many a poor author's heart. It is not often that the literary men of England have seen such a will as this:

"THE WILL OF MR. JOHN KENYON.—We have to record the munificence of a wealthy connoisseur of letters, the late Mr. John Kenyon, who died on the 3d ult., leaving the following liberal bequests to personal literary friends: To his cousin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4,000, and to her husband, Robert Browning, £6,500; to Bryan W. Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, £6,500; to Dr. Henry Southey, £8,000; to Catherine, the daughter of Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, £250; and to each of the other daughters, £100; the son and daughter of Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, £250 each; John Forster has £500; George Scharf £500; and Antonio Panizzi £500, with all the wines in the cellars at Devonshire place and at Cowes; Agnes Catlow, £105; and Walter Savage Landor, Henry Chorley, Mrs. Jameson and Sir Charles Fellowes, each £100. The furniture, books, prints and articles of *vertu* in Mr. Kenyon's cottage at Wimbledon are left to his friend Miss Bayley and James Booth, one of the executors, to whom is bequeathed £5,000; Thomas Hawthorne, the other executor, having £20,000. The whole of the residue of the property, after payment of the legacies, is to be divided by the executors. A bequest of £5,000 is made to the London University Hospital. Many legacies are also left to the relatives of Mr. Kenyon and many others in whom he was interested."

But we have other reasons for holding in high honour the name of John Kenyon, and not suffering his memory to perish with him. Not only was he the heartiest friend, the kindest patron, the most unpretending writer, but he was the firmest supporter of religious liberty for one and all of God's children. His "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" was written in 1833, when tolerance was not understood as now it is, and throughout the poem we find him, Churchman as he was, throwing down the gauntlet for Unitarian and Catholic alike—indignantly rebuking presumptuous bigotry—zealously maintaining the rights of individual conscience. "Be it remembered," he says in his preface, "that had the spirit of tolerance been more fully poured into earlier or later ages, Christ and Socrates had not died by hemlock and the cross, nor Servetus and Latimer by fire; nor would contempts and hatreds, more or less intense, stand up, as now, for bourns between sect and sect."

The whole poem, now we suppose half-forgotten, is still worth reading. In it there are some good verses, many noble ones, and not one which is not generous and free-hearted.

How the poet burns at thought of injustice or persecution! How bitter is his hatred of Cant and Pharisaism! How hearty his appreciation of lowly piety and lofty bearing! We can only extract a line or two here and there. He is comparing a Protestant bigot to the dagger of an Italian bandit:

> The point full sharp for deeds of blood and guilt,
> And our meek Saviour carved upon the hilt.

And here is one of many arguments in favour of unbounded tolerance:

> For many a pilgrim prayer, to us unknown,
> By its own pathway travels to the Throne.

He contrasts the faith of the intolerant with that of the true Christian:

> So Faith, in harsh or gentle bosom sown,
> Shapes here a Calvin—there a Fenelon;
> Him, whom his Lord's own spirit seemed to wake,
> And him, who burned Servetus at the stake.

One more extract, and we must pass from the "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" to say a single word on Mr. Kenyon's other poems.

> Belief is toil of brain—'tis labour's dower,
> Reared painfully thro' frost, and sun, and shower,
> And the slow growth of many a ripening hour,
> That, like the Aloe's blossom, long to come,
> Yet comes at last, and bears immortal bloom.

Two other volumes of Poems—one entitled "A Day at Tivoli"—show Mr. Kenyon in a less earnest, but not less genial, mood.

You will not find much poetry of the very highest order, but you will see verses which Samuel Rogers would have gladly written, and which no one can read without real pleasure. Every here and there you come across a quaint fashion of expression, which recalls the good days "when George the Third was king." You grow intimate with Nesera and Nea and other nymphs, and smile at the pedantry, which we have now outgrown. But beneath the stiff dress a warm heart is beating, and you almost love the poet the more that he clings somewhat to those pretty prettinesses of the past.

And often, too, he strikes a loftier chord—most happily in his "Shrine of the Virgin"—from which we quote some lines, in the spirit of which our readers know we sympathise:

> I love the ever-open door
> That welcomes to the house of God!
> I love the wide-spread marble floor,
> By every foot in freedom trod!
> Free altars let me kneel before,
> Free as the pathway or the sod,
> Whence journeying pilgrim, 'mid broad air,
> Wafts unpremeditated prayer.

—*London Inquirer.*

THE TREES.

[The following fine poem is from the new volume of lyrics, "Under Green Leaves," by Charles Mackay, just published in London. The London *Athenæum* says: "It has a sound of Summer—descriptive of the chirp, the sparkle and the peculiar pipe of the minstrel—and in its suggestion of balmy day, bright idleness, and languid ease, is most attractive to folk with feet in the snow and throats thick with rheum. While we are shut in with the frosty months, we may at least enjoy the sunshine by illusion—sit with the poet in the shade of woods, and watch the fairies dance to July music." It thus introduces this poem: "Let us take our readers into the forest—it may be of Windsor—or into the leafy silence of the Burnham Beeches."]

> If you could dance when Orpheus piped,
> Ye oaks, and elms, and beeches,
> Try, when a man of modern time
> Your courtesy beseeches.
> 'Twas but his fancy! Well, 'tis mine—
> So do your best endeavour:
> The facts of History pass away,
> The thoughts may live forever.
>
> My friend, the merchant of Cornhill,
> Awake to nought but scheming,
> And he who plods in Fig-tree Court,
> Will call this idle dreaming.
> But ye shall dance, ye joyous trees,
> Though they may scoff or pity;
> And measure, in their self-conceit,
> Arcadia by the City.
>
> Come, Father Oak, so old and staid,
> But vigorous and hearty,
> Shake off the soberness of years,
> And join the merry party.
> 'Tis not becoming? Harmless mirth
> Takes no account of ages—
> So, Monarch of the Woods, unbend,
> And frolic with your pages!
>
> And thou, superbest matron Beech,
> In all thy bloom of beauty,
> Relax; and learn that, now and then,
> Enjoyment is a duty.
> And Lady Lime, the honey sweet,
> With music in thy tresses,
> Step out—the wild winds pipe the tune,
> And every moment presses.
>
> Ye damsel Birches, slim and fair,
> And capersome as misses
> Who've just come home from boarding-school,
> And dream of love and kisses,
> I know you're ready: come away,
> With silver-braided kyrtles,
> And taper limbs, and flowing hair,
> And breath as sweet as myrtles.
>
> Ye Firs and Larches, rough as lads
> Let loose from school or college;
> Ye Poplars, stiff as men on 'Change,
> Forget your cram of knowledge.
> You're no such beauties of yourselves,
> But every tree an aid is—
> And you'll improve in elegance,
> By contact with the ladies.
>
> Ye steadfast Elms, our English trees,
> The charm of rural alleys,
> The grace of parks and village green,
> And darlings of our valleys:
> Come forth, with robes of flowing green,
> The ivy for your flounces—
> The dance will languish in the dale,
> If one of you renounces.
>
> And you, like melancholy maids,
> Who sigh on lonely pillows,
> Or widows, ere they've cast their weeds—
> Ye fond, romantic Willows,
> Come from your looking glass, the stream,
> And cease to play at Sorrow,
> And taste a little joy to-day,
> And think about to-morrow.
>
> And thou, dear Hawthorn—sweetest sweet,
> The beautiful, the tender,
> Bright with the fondling of the sun,
> And prankt in bridal splendour—
> Come with thy sisters, full of bloom,
> And all thy bridesmaids merry—
> Acacia, Chestnut, Lilac fair,
> The Apple, and the Cherry.
>
> Strike up the music! Lo! it sounds!
> The expectant woodlands listen;
> They wave their branches to the sky,
> And all their dew-drops glisten.
> There comes a rustling from the heights,
> A buzzing from the hollow;
> They move, the ancient Oaks and Elms,
> And all the juniors follow.
>
> They move, they start, they thrill, they dance,
> They shake their boughs with pleasure,
> And flutter all their gay green leaves,
> Obedient to the measure.
> They choose their partners: Oak and Beech
> Pair off, a stately couple;
> And Larch to Willow makes his bow,
> The unbending to the supple.
>
> The Hawthorn, charm of every eye,
> In Beauty's ranks a leader,
> Has choice of many for her hand,
> But gives it to the Cedar.
> She loves the wisdom of his looks,
> And name renowned in story:
> And he, th' effulgence of her eyes,
> And fragrance of her glory.
>
> The Poplar, very gaunt and tall,
> Says to the Ash: "May I press
> Thy fairy figure in the waltz?
> If not, I'll ask the Cypress."
> Ash consents—but thinks her beau
> Has nothing that entices;
> He looks so like a serving-man,
> To hand about the ices.
>
> The Elms and Lindens choose their mates,
> And e'en the sturdy Holly;
> And all the Brambles and the Ferns
> Think standing still is folly,
> And foot it briskly on the sward,
> As wild as lads and lasses—
> But make sad havoc as they twirl,
> With all the flowers and grasses.

POLYPIFERA.

From "Life," by P. H. Gosse.

IF any of our wonder-loving readers will put a small phial into his pocket, and stroll through some hedge-rowed lane or quiet field at the sweetest season of the year, he may find food for meditation in the results of his walk. Let him direct his steps to the side of the first ditch or pool in which the water is not fetid, where the surface is already mantled over with the verdant duck-weed, and where many aquatic plants, springing from the bottom, wave their leaves in the limpid element. Stooping down on the brink, let him lift with his fingers a little of the coating of duck-weed, disturbing the water as slighly as possible, and then, peeping through the opening he has made, examine slowly and carefully the bottom thus revealed. On the mud he will probably see a good many round knobs of jelly, from the size of a turnip-seed to that of a pea, of a transparent green hue, and others of the same kind adhering to the stalks and under surfaces of the leaves of the aquatic plants: let him select a few of these, place them, with some clear water and a fragment of some plant, in his phial, and hasten home. He will have obtained a creature which, about a century ago, electrified the scientific world, and opened up a new and most marvellous chapter in the history of Life. It is the Fresh-water Polype (*Hydra viridis*).

The invention of the microscope had given an immense impetus to natural science; and a galaxy of illustrious men had by its means been announcing wondrous facts, the records of which fill the pages of the Philosophical Transactions of our own Royal Society, as well as many works of great merit specially devoted to microscopy. But yet, when, in 1744, Abraham Trembley of Geneva declared what he had seen of this little fresh-water animal, this living ball of green jelly, it was regarded as a thing incredible, and even impossible. The facts "were so contrary to all former experience, and so repugnant to every established notion of animal life, that the scientific world were amazed; and while the more cautious among naturalists set themselves to verify what it was difficult to believe, there were many who looked upon the alleged facts as impossible fancies. The discoveries of Trembley were, however, speedily confirmed; and we are now so familiar with the outlines of the history of the fresh-water polype, and its marvellous reproductive powers, that we can scarcely appreciate the vividness of the sensation felt when it was all novel and strange; when the reading men of our learned societies were daily experimenting on these poor worms, and transmitting them to one another from distant countries, by careful posts, and as most precious gifts; and when even ambassadors interested themselves in sending early intelligence of the engrossing theme to their respective courts."

Let us try to see what Trembley saw. Put the phial in a window, and allow it to remain untouched a while. The balls of jelly have all attached themselves, some to the glass sides, some to the plant, but they are balls no longer. Each is a thread of some half inch in length, and about as thick as small twine, adhering by one extremity; while from the other radiate, like a star, six slender threads, which are waved irregularly through the water, thrown into spiral coils or various contortions, elongated again, slowly or suddenly, and in different degrees. Two or three minute water-insects are swimming giddily about; one of them, as he shoots unconsciously by, just touches one of these slender threads. In an instant the playful course is arrested; the little thing strives to pursue his way, drags the flexible cord that holds him hither and thither; redoubles his efforts, pulls away and stretches it till we think it must break and free him. No! like a skilful angler, the Jelly is but wearying his victim: suddenly the thread is thrown into corkscrew coils, and the helpless insect is dragged in; another thread is brought to bear upon it, and another. Poor thing! "*actum de eo est*," it is all up with him! He is dragged helplessly to the base of the radiating threads, and there, in the midst of their circle, an aperture is gaping, which stretches wider and wider, while the prey is slowly sucked in, until it is quite engulfed within the gelatinous body.

But, for some time before this, the prey had become quite motionless; its struggles, though violent at first, had soon entirely ceased, and it was evident that a fatal effect had been produced by the mere contact of those slender threads.

What is the nature of this subtle venom that resides in a creature apparently so low in the scale of being, so simple in structure, and almost homogeneous in substance? Worms, and the larvæ of insects that may be wounded, and even chopped into pieces, and yet survive for hours, die suddenly from a touch of these gelatinous threads? "I have sometimes," says Baker, "forced a worm from a polype the instant it has been seized, at the expense of breaking off the polype's arms, and have always observed it to die very soon afterwards, without one single instance of recovery." On the other hand, the tiny water-fleas, and other minute Crustacea, frequently escape with impunity even from the very mouth of the polype; for they are enclosed in a horney shell, which evidently protects their vital parts from the morbific touch.

The microscope throws light on the question, and reveals a most elaborate system of offensive weapons with which these soft and sluggish creatures are provided. According to Corda, each tentacle forms a slender membraneous tube, filled with an albuminous substance nearly fluid, mingled with some oily particles. This substance, at certain definite points, swells out into tubercles or dense warts, which run round the tentacle in a spiral line. Each wart is furnished with several spine-bearing vesicles, which are organs of touch, and with an organ of highly curious structure, which is the weapon of offence.

The organ of touch consists of a fine sac, enclosing another with thicker walls, within which there is a small cavity. From the upper extremity, where the inner and the outer sacs are in contact, there projects a long cilium, or fine pointed bristle, which is not retractile, and appears to be immovable.

The weapon of offence is placed in the midst of these spines, in the centre of each wart. It consists of an oval transparent sac, imbedded in the substance of the wart, with its perforated extremity exactly at the surface. At the bottom of the interior of the sac there is a body, in shape resembling a saucer, in the centre of which stands a small oval, solid body, bearing on its summit a calcareous dart, pointed at its extremity, and bifid, or sagittate, at its base. This dart can be projected at the will of the animal, and again withdrawn into the sac. When the prehensile instinct is exerted, the darts are thrust out with force, and, entering the tissues of the prey, retain it; while at the same time, in all probability, a subtle but potent poison is injected, the effects of which we have already alluded to.

But this is a modern discovery. The circumstance in the economy of these animals which appeared so anomalous, was the mode in which they were both naturally and artificially multiplied. They were manifestly animals, yet it was found that they could be propagated by slips or cuttings, like plants! In the warm weather of Summer each polype is observed to shoot forth, from various parts of its body, little warts, or knobs, which increase rapidly, until in a few days they assume the form of the parent animal, each one being furnished with a circle of tentacles, though still attached at its lower end. The young one, which up to this period had received its nutriment from the parent's stomach, from which a channel had communicated with its own, now catches prey with its own tentacles, the duct closes, the connection of the base with the mother becomes more slender, and at length the little animal falls off and commences independent life. Such is the ordinary mode of increase—generation by *gemmation*.

In Autumn, the Hydra propagates by means of eggs, which are deposited around the parent; the basal portion of her body being spread over them, and becoming a horny protecting skin. She immediately dies, and the eggs are hatched in the ensuing Spring.

But these strange animals may be artificially increased at pleasure, and that by means which, to higher animals, would inevitably destroy, instead of multiplying life. If the head of a polype, with all its tentacles, be cut off from the trunk with scissors, it will presently develope a new trunk and base, while the headless trunk begins to shoot out new tentacles; and thus, in a little time, two perfect animals are formed. If one of these be cut into three, four, or half-a-dozen pieces, each piece supplies the wanting parts, and so many animals are made, all as perfect and active, and endowed with the same functions, as the first. Nor does it signify in what direction the mutilation is made; a longitudinal, a diagonal, or a transverse division is equally successful; nay, even a small portion of the skin soon grows into a polype.

It was from this power of perpetual reproduction that this singular animal received the name of *Hydra*, by which it is known among naturalists; as if it realized the ancient monster of fabulous story, whose heads sprouted anew as fast as they were cut off by Hercules.

Most curious monstrosities were produced by the experiments of philosophers on these animals, especially by partial separations. If a polype be slit from the summit to the middle, one will be formed having two heads, each of which will capture and swallow food. If these again be slit half-a-dozen times, as many heads will be formed surmounting the same body. If now all these be cut off, as many new ones will spring up in their place, while each of the severed heads becomes a new polype, capable